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CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ENGLAND'S CLOSE SHAVE.

William O'Brien, in the May Number of the Contemporary Review, Answers Ably and Thrillingly the Question, Was Fenianism Ever Formidable?

General Disaffection of the British Army, Irish Militia and Even the Constabulary in 1865—Only a Resolute Leader Needed to Have Rallied 100,000 Men Under His Standard.

Mr. William O'Brien contributed to the May number of the Contemporary Review an interesting article—"Was Fenianism Ever Formidable?" from which we take the following extracts:

It was in 1865, and not in 1867, that Fenianism had the capacity to strike a formidable military blow at England; and it is from its inner history, rather than from its performances in the field, that a prudent statesman will measure its importance. To begin with, the civilian organization was, to all intents and purposes, the enrollment of three-fourths of the able-bodied population of the country, and the population was then 1,300,000 more than it is today. For the Province of Munster, at least, I can say with certainty, that any young man of spirit who was not a sworn or unsworn item in the ranks would have felt as much ashamed of himself as a young Englishman who should refuse to volunteer if a foreign army were landed in Kent. There are proofs in the strong boxes of Dublin Castle that at one moment a 100,000 men at the least would have responded to the signal of any capable military leader who could put arms in their hands. And if modern war-lords, secure behind their girdle of hell-fire from magazine rifle and Hotchkiss cannon, should be inclined to smile at the soldiering of raw citizen mobs, pray let them remember that we were still in the days of muzzle-loaders, before the battle of Sadowa had brought the needle-guns in fashion, and that the 12,000 constabularymen, with whom the insurgents would have their first brush, had only one day in the year on which to practice shooting.

But a far grimmer danger than the Fenianism which learned the goose-step by the light of the moon was the Fenianism which did not so much conspire as all but openly flaunt itself in every barrack-room and on every parade-ground in the island. Probably we shall never know the full extent to which disaffection seized upon the army, the militia and even the constabulary. Nobody who holds the key of the archives of the war office is ever likely to let the secret out. Assuredly, since the mutiny of the Nore, England passed through no such nightmare vision of a forest of her own bayonets pointed at her breast. The court-martial made some signal examples. One of the Hussars they sentenced to death, lived to be the greatest Irish poet and one of the three greatest Irishmen of his generation—John Boyle O'Reilly. It is only one of the hideous commonplaces of the Anglo-Irish connection, that the man for whom England could find no better business than to tear off his uniform in the square of the Royal barracks in Dublin, and ship him off in a convict hulk had only to be known in Boston to rival the commander of the Mayflower in the love of the Puritans of New England. But the epidemic was not an affair of individuals, but of companies and of whole regiments. To attempt to impeach all the military Fenians before courts-martial would have been to throw England into a panic, if not to precipitate an appalling mutiny and invite foreign invasion.

It was deemed wiser to transport them to India by regiments and to replace them by unseduced English regiments, all temptations having been removed out of their way by the sentences passed on organizers, who, I have heard it stated, at one time were obeyed by more of the soldiers of the Dublin garrison than the commander-in-chief was. All I can attest on the subject from my own knowledge is that I heard bands of carabiniers marching through the streets of Mallow singing the Fenian charter song—

"Hark, the time is coming
When our darling flag of green."

without the smallest regard for officers or picket; and that for us children moving about the hotel-yards where detachments passing through our town stabled their horses, it excited as little surprise to hear the soldiers talk of the forthcoming "rising," and mentioning that the barracks at Cork, Fermoy and Clonmel would fall without a blow any night the Fenians chose to knock at the gates, as to see the young civilians casting bullets or slouching off by the mountain road on a moonlight night. As for the militia regiments, it is not too much to say that, with the exception of the officers and staff-sergeants, they were so many Fenian circles, with the very thinnest sprinkling of "old reliables" or spies. I have heard the North Cork regiment again and again shouting Fenian songs while actually marching to or from the parade-ground under the eye of their officers; so completely was it regarded as a matter of course that their next appearance in the field would be under different officers and under a different flag.

Many years afterwards, when Fenianism seemed all but completely extinguished, a score of raiders from Cork, with the knowledge of hundreds of men in the regiment, were able to punch a great hole in the wall of the armory by night, and had the greater portion of the regimental rifles extracted before some light sleeping staff officer gave the alarm. It will surprise most people to hear that, even among the royal Irish constabulary, who were regarded as the very Abdiels of unshakeable fidelity, the Fenian contagion had its victims or its catechumens, as you may please to describe them.

Had an Irish-American soldier of the grit of Gen. Phil. Sheridan, any night in the early autumn of 1865 presented himself to any of the four Cork militia regiments, for instance, and marched at their head straight to the military barracks where the greater part of two regiments of the line were only pining for the signal, it seems as certain as any desperate enterprise in its nature can be, that within twenty-four hours he would have established the nucleus of the most formidable insurrection that has broken out in Ireland since the Confederation of Kilkenny. A first success would have brought at a moderate computation 20,000 trained soldiers, militiamen and constabularymen to his flag, with as many tens of thousands of able bodied civilians as he could find weapons for. A month at the least must have elapsed before a sufficient army could be despatched from England to cope with such a force. In the meantime, the southern and western provinces would be in possession of a triumphant insurgent army, flushed with a dozen easy victories over isolated English detachments. Can there be much doubt what would have been the effect upon American feeling, in its then feverish state, of the news that the Irish Republic had been proclaimed throughout Munster and Connaught, and that the British troops were in full mutiny? Even if no official declaration of war took place at once, what American government could have prevented privateers from covering the seas and filibustering hosts from swarming over the Canadian frontier? Throughout the month of August, and during the first two weeks of September, the country, or at least two of its provinces, were at the beck of any resolute leader who should give the signal. Neither the leader nor the signal turned up. Then the government did what the insurgents might have done before them any night in the previous six weeks, namely, struck their blow.

At one swoop the principal civilian leaders, with their newspaper plant and carloads of their correspondence, were captured; the cream of the colonels and captains were swept into the same net; the disaffected regiments were hustled aboard transport ships for India, and the militia regiments were disarmed and disbanded, not for many a year after to be called up for training. The success of the government coup was as startling as that of an equally bold Fenian coup might have been. With the sudden capture or disappearance of all the civil and military leaders, the removal of the soldiers, and the disarming of the militia, the history of Fenianism as a military danger to the power of England was at an end, for with them ended the possibility of any considerable success in the field, and consequently of embroiling England in an American war.

Upon the night of the "rising" (March 5, 1867), by the admission of the police officers, at least four thousand men from the city of Cork alone obeyed the summons to assemble on Prayer Hill. They found that there were not a dozen serviceable rifles among the lot; that the officers who were to command them were missing; and yet, without guns, stores, commissariat, moneys or leadership, and without any plan of campaign whatsoever, except a march towards some mythical army reported to be assembling in the Galtee mountains, more than fifteen hundred of these men insisted upon marching on upon their mad enterprise with no better weapons than the scythes and two-pronged forks they found in a shovel factory on their road. Rail as you will at the wickedness of the officers who called these men out from their homes, the chivalry of those who came out and marched on through the night to almost certain death or penal servitude is no matter for rulers' laughter. What such men might have been with arms in their hands and with a stiffening of trained soldiers in their midst may be judged from the heroism of one of them, a farmer named Peter O'Neil Crowley, who, a few days afterwards, with only one man at his side, fronted a whole flying column of troops and gave them back shot for shot until he fell dead in front of them. And talk of disinterestedness!—Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, the present member of parliament for Cork city, was, at the time of the rising, at the head of one of the principal wholesale establishments in Cork at a salary of £300 a year, as trustworthy as the Bank of England in the eyes of his employers, and with a wife and little children whom he adored. Until he arrived at Prayer Hill on the fateful night, he had held no office in the Fenian body and had no sort of responsibility for the breakdown of their arrangements; but the sight of that mass of men, deserted, leaderless, weaponless, but still doggedly set upon hoping on, and fighting on, was too much for him. He bade farewell to home, children and station to put himself at the head of this thousandfold forlorn hope; was the next morning under the bullets of the police at Ballyknockane, and helping the sergeant's wife and children to escape by a ladder from the burning barracks; was a few weeks afterwards sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered in the city for which he is now the member; passed away tranquilly into years of penal servitude, and came back as cheerfully as ever to the service of Ireland, with his beard, indeed, whitened, but his spirit neither broken nor even embittered. And if, like every considerable man the Fenian movement produced, he was as devoted a volunteer in Mr. Gladstone's campaign of conciliation as in the old campaign of desperation, there was not and is not—the Parnell Commission would be shocked to hear—the slightest trace of compunction in his heart for the Shrove Tuesday night when he gave up all the treasures and comforts of a happy home to attest that he thought Irish freedom worth honest blood.

All these things are invested with a perhaps unduly romantic glamor in my memory, for my own eldest brother, then a stripling of seventeen, was, of course, "out" in the "rising"; and, for reasons that may some day be worth the telling, he was my ideal of a young soldier of liberty, with the thews and sinews of an athlete, the courage of a D'Artagnan, the gallant gaiety dear to women's hearts, and a gift of dashing off war songs which may still be heard, ringing as rifle-shots, in the gatherings of old Munster rebels. I remember—oh! so vividly—his bright face and cheery voice—half the zest of a schoolboy mad for an adventure, half the pride of a paladin on the night of his veille d'armes—as he stowed away his revolver and cartridges in one pocket, and stuffed the other with the pancakes of our Shrove Tuesday festivities—surely the queerest commissariat with which a campaign against a great empire was ever undertaken! One circumstance engraved itself with special sharpness on my memory. Upon the morning after the "rising" a regiment of infantry, a troop of horse, and a battery of field guns were concentrated at Mallow under a distinguished English general. A country gentleman named Purcell had ridden into the town in a panic, shouting that the Fenians were coming and had just taken the police-barracks at Ballyknockane. The field guns were unlimbered at the railway station, and I can feel even still the thrill of indescribable emotion with which I watched the general surveying through his field-glass the road along which the boy-rebels, whom I knew my brother had gone to join, were every moment expected to appear, knowing not the instant when we would her the first growl of the cannon beside us. Many years afterwards the wife of the distinguished English commander of that day came to the selfsame town to attend a home rule meeting to protest against my imprisonment under one of the Coercion acts, and I remember that regretted lady—noble by a better title than Debrett's—telling me that she, too, had been in Mallow with her husband on the day when it was not a question of helping Ireland to home rule, but of despatching cannon balls among its champions. The coincidence has always seemed to me the sufficient symbol of a change that batteries of field-guns could never have effected between the two countries.

There was more quiet heroism, more nerve-destroying danger about the system of importing arms into Ireland under the nose of a constabulary with as many eyes as Argus and more hands than Briareus than there was about many a picturesque exploit in the field which has set lyres thrumming. I need not say that the patentee of the system himself soon paid the penalty in nine years of penal servitude, every year of which was filled with horrors more unendurable to a man of spirit than Napoleon's grenadiers experienced in the retreat from Moscow.

Mr. O'Brien then narrates a personal experience of how the system worked on an occasion when he accompanied his brother, who for several years took a leading part in carrying on the importation of arms into Cork.

It was not the deeds of Fenianism which counted, but the spirit—and for that my admiration remains as warm as it was when I had the honor of expressing it to the judges of the Parnell Commission court. These worthy personages thereupon jumped to the conclusion that I and the others of the like mind had joined the constitutional movement in order to bring about total separation, and so reported to the grievous disedification of the gentlemen who employed the late Mr. Richard Pigott. One (at least a mere Irishman) would suppose that a more obvious conclusion would be just the contrary one—that is to say, that it was the knowledge of all the hideous suffering and splendid self-sacrifice spent in vain in attempts at armed insurrection that led many of us to make it the dearest hope of our lives to bring to Ireland the reality of self-government by paths of conciliation and peace. When I say "in vain," bien entendu, I mean only in the military sense; for the true justification of Fenianism is that all the measures of Irish reform which have come since—religious equality (so far as it has come), the shake given to the fell tyranny of landlordism, the power of electing parliamentary representatives without the terror of eviction, the formal passage of a home rule bill through the elective chamber of the Imperial parliament, the official confession of the spoliation of Ireland under English rule—have all been brought about by the manifestation of "the intensity of Fenianism," and have been very largely brought about by the very men, both in parliament and in the country, who were among the most stalwart figures in the Fenian ranks. That some such demonstration of the reality of the Irish difficulty alone could have brought about reform in the past will not be disputed. That some such other period of national agony may be necessary again to convince Englishmen that the aspirations which gave Fenianism its vital strength remain still unsatisfied, a speech made by the chief secretary in Leeds as I write may well inspire with serious forebodings anybody who knows the vicious circle of English dealings with Ireland.

At a moment when English ministers are industriously reversing the work of the last ten years of conciliation, and instead of encouraging the best men of the Irish revolutionary days to persevere in looking to the appeasement of international passions for self-government, are teaching the Irish youngsters of a newer day that now, as of old, the only way of winning a hearing from English rulers is by a further course of suffering and self-immolation for Ireland and of humiliation and torment for England, it may be of some use to recall that there were moments and even months in 1865 when English statesmen had reason to rue the Carlislean prosperity-of-Ireland speeches, which Mr. Gerald Balfour seems to have made his models of political wisdom. England is stronger than Ireland, but there have been—and may yet be—times when circumstances were stronger than either or both."—Dublin Weekly Freeman.

IRELAND'S ANTI-JUBILEE MANIFESTO.

Mr. John Dillon presided over a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party recently, when the twenty-six members present agreed to the immediate issue of the following statement or manifesto:

"The Irish Parliamentary party deem it right to declare that they are unable to participate in the celebration of the sixty years' reign of the Queen. This demonstration is not simply commemorative of the private and public virtues of the monarch. It is mainly an Imperial jubilation over that development of the principle of self-government; over that growth in numbers, comfort, strength, prosperity and wealth; over that progress in manufactures, trade and commerce; over that reduction of the real burdens of taxation which has marked this era in Britain and the Colonies. We can well understand the feelings of the fortunate possessors of these signal blessings who rejoice over the sixty years of their achievement. Would that we had reason to join in their festivity! We, however, represent the masses of the Irish people, and our duty in this Imperial celebration is to our own country. How then does Ireland stand, and what is her ground for joy? The reign exhibits for her a sad and striking contrast, marked by many signal proofs of the wrongs inflicted under the Act of Union. She has been governed not by a government 'broad-based upon her people's will,' but against her people's will, under a centralized and autocratic system, evil always, but growing more and more intolerable, as the 'bounds of freedom have been wider set' elsewhere. Save for one brief season, when wiser and more generous counsels prevailed, when the heart of Britain seemed softened and the heart of Ireland was moved to forgiveness and reconciliation, the constitutional freedom so prized by themselves and so beneficially conceded by them elsewhere has been refused to Ireland. Coercion acts, involving the suspension of popular liberties and the perpetration of tyranny and injustice, harsh prosecutions and severe punishments for political offenses growing out of the just discontent of the people, have been the common-places of Irish government. Dreadful landlord oppression, exorbitant rents, the confiscation of tenants' improvements, ruthless evictions, creating heart-breaking distress, have for long years of agony prevailed, sanctioned by the laws of parliament, and aided by the forces of the crown, and have been tardily, reluctantly and inadequately mitigated only under the stern pressure of Imperial necessity and the dread of anarchy and rebellion. Misery, famine and evictions have exterminated hundreds of thousands and driven millions in despair from the homes and fatherland they so passionately loved. The population of Ireland has been halved, while that of Britain has been doubled, in the reign. Even for these diminished numbers the return for toil continues absolutely and relatively low, and the scale of existence far inferior. The physical condition of the people has been impaired, industries have decayed, agriculture (almost their sole resource) is deeply depressed, trade and commerce stagnate, and capital has seriously diminished, while contrary to equity and treaty, a load of taxation has been imposed beyond the relative and actual capacity of the people, eating up their narrow surplus, and making Ireland the heaviest, as Britain is the lightest, taxed of countries. This being so, Ireland cannot rejoice. Thus it is that while we do not grudge our fortunate neighbors their triumphal holiday, we must stand apart, waiting and working for the day when wisdom, justice and humanity shall in God's good time open for our country the gate of freedom and progress and give to us also the occasion to rejoice."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

AN ALIEN JUBILEE.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

While Europe, America, Asia their strains
Are blending in anthems and songs—
And Africa's voice from her sun-heated plains
The chorus of gladness prolongs—
Shall Ireland be mute—her harp and her lute—
And the voice of her people be still?
Can they sound for the Queen in the Island and of Green
One note that a patriot could trill?

Ah! what could fair Erin be singing
While the bells of an empire may chime
In chorus, each brazen tongue ringing
A jubilee hymn in each clime?
Oppression and wrong would burden the song
Foul murder and vile confiscation
And shame mantle the face with crimson disgrace
Of each patriot child of the nation.

A song for the cities the murderers sacked,
For the rooftrees they gave to the flames
For the judges blood-stained and the juries they packed
With the ruffians just fresh from the Thames.
Could the blood and the tears of the centuried years
Be condensed in one horrible sea,
What a picture of woes wrought by liberty's foes,
What a picture of hell for the free!

A jubilee song for the exiles who rove
In the far distant land of the strangers—
Far away from the land of their birth and their love,
Surrounded by trials and dangers—
For a people displaced, for their altars defaced,
For the gibbet, the halter, the jail—
Shall a proud people whine for the husks of the swine
Or indulge in a jubilee wail?

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

The copious supply of attractive posters and diamonds displayed all over the North Side announce the fact that the members of Div. 8 will hold a monster picnic at Simon's Grove, on Sunday, June 27. The grove is most conveniently located, being at the corner of North Clark street and Lawrence avenue, and is reached by all of the leading and branch car lines running in the northern portion of the city. Transfers on most lines may be obtained, and but one fare will have to be paid from any of local or down-town districts. This is the initial attempt of the merry-makers of Div. 8 to provide outdoor amusement and pleasure, and their efforts are warranted by their unequalled success in the line of indoor entertainments. Tickets will be on sale at the entrance to grounds on the day of the picnic, or they may be had of the secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn avenue. Admission is placed at the modest sum of 25 cents. No effort will be spared to insure a time of enjoyment and pleasure for all who attend, and the numerous games, races, athletic sports, etc., which have been arranged for will no doubt be thoroughly appreciated by every one. Lanky youths and pretty girls are not forgotten; each have events for their own class, and will earnestly try to secure the valuable prizes offered. Those also who are constructed on the "Baby Bliss" model will find an opportunity to call their superfluous avoirdupois into operation, for which the lucky winner will be suitably rewarded. Matrons, too, can find an opportunity to display their elasticity and grace of carriage in the sprinting line, for which some lucky one will be made the envied member of the gathering by being presented with something worthy of the occasion. It is expected that a "tug-of-war" between the members of Div. 8 and another division will also take place. On the whole the outlook for pleasure, amusement, sociability and general success is very bright; and it but remains for the weatherman to be on his good behavior in order to complete the programme.

On last Sunday morning the members of Div. 8 approached holy communion in a body at the 7:30 mass at the Holy Name Cathedral. Rev. Father J. M. Scanlan, chaplain of the division, met the members and accompanied them to the space reserved in the church. The turnout was one of the largest witnessed in Chicago for a long time, and reflects great credit on Div. 8, on the entire order, and in particular on Divs. 8, 11 and 21.

The next regular meeting of Div. 8 will be held at the division's hall, 62 North Clark street, at 8:15 o'clock, on Saturday evening, June 19. Visiting brothers are most cordially invited to attend, and a full attendance of the division members is requested.

J. J. S.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

THE IRISH PIPERS.

[To the Editor.]

The decadence of the Irish pipes in Ireland was well illustrated in the competition of pipers at the "Feis Ceoil" held in Dublin last week. All Ireland only furnished six pipers. It is a sad commentary on the instrument that for centuries was the delight and pride of the Irish people. Time was, and within the memory of the writer, when every neighborhood had its piper; whether it was for the dance in the barn in the long winter evenings, or at the cross-roads in summer time, the piper could be produced at a moment's notice.

The decadence of the Irish pipes is calamitous in more than one respect; it necessarily brings with it the total obliteration of the mediæval Irish music, for the Irish piper was the only musician that kept alive those beautiful old melodies that aside from him are now considered obsolete and the authors of which are lost in oblivion.

It is to be hoped by all lovers of the ancient Irish music that the musical festival just held will have its desired effect in a renewal of interest in the old music that has been pronounced by foreign criticts to be "the sweetest music ever composed." And also a revival of the instrument that in the sunshine and shadow of Irish history was chiefly the means of keeping alive what we possess of it in the present day.

However, the lovers of the Irish pipes will be gratified to learn that a revival of that instrument in this country has been in progress for several years. It is very popular in the eastern states and no gathering of the Irish people is considered complete without it. Touhey, Kerrigan and Murphey, of New York, are considered among the best performers and have national reputations as pipers.

Here in Chicago the pipers are as much in evidence as they ever were at a fair or races on the "old sod." Among them can be found some as good players as any ever Ireland produced.

Ex-Sergeant of Police James Early, Barney Delaney, of the Grand Crossing police station, and Adam Tobin, of the stock yards, are considered first-class performers, each possessing instruments that are elaborate and of the most improved pattern. Sergeant Jas. Cahill, of the first police precinct, is an accomplished player and an enthusiastic lover of the old music. He is also considered an authority on Irish musical nomenclature, being frequently called upon to settle disputes as to the correct names of the old dance-provoking reels and jigs.

There are a number of others who play fairly well, besides some sincere lovers of the old instrument who, although not musicians themselves, lose no opportunity to encourage it and promote its success. Among the latter should be mentioned Mr. John Gillan. He is untiring in his labors to urge the pipers to greater efforts, and to arouse an interest among the younger element in the old instrument. As said before he is not a player, but he possesses a remarkable knowledge of the technique of some of the renowned players of the past, and is ever ready with profitable advice to the amateur. He is a reed maker of exceptional ability. Some claim he has never had an equal in that respect. And he supplies the pipers gratuitously with that most intricate and indispensable part of the pipers' mechanism, and the only remuneration he expects is renewed effort and good music on the part of the piper.

On the whole the outlook for a substantial footing for the Irish piper in this country is good, and if the time should ever come when the Irish at home will be so degenerate as to forget the old music and the old instrument, the Irish in America will be in a position to send an army of pipers over there to teach the people their own old music on the Irish pipes.

JOHN ENNIS.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

FAURE WAS IN PERIL.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Bomb Exploded "At" Him as He Drove to the Race for the Grand Prix—Infernal Machine a Very Crude Affair and Not Likely to Do Any Harm.

Paris, June 14.—An attempt was made yesterday to assassinate Felix Faure, president of the French republic, while he was en route to Long Champs to witness the Grand Prix. While M. Faure's carriage was passing a thicket near La Cascade restaurant, in the Bois de Bolougne, a bomb which subsequently proved to be a piece of tubing about six inches long and two inches in diameter, with a thickness of half an inch, charged with powder and swan shot, exploded. No one was injured by the explosion. A man in the crowd suspected as the prime mover was arrested. He gave his name as Gallet, and made only the briefest replies to questions put to him by the police.

Gallet said that he had no occupation, but resided at Levallers-Perret. The police are making a thorough search of his lodgings. He is believed to be insane, for he shouted as the carriage passed along so loudly as to attract general attention in the crowd.

All Sorts of Reports Current.

The police have also made another arrest, in this case a youth, but it is thought probable that the actual culprit escaped. The news of the attempt spread like wild-fire through the city, and when M. Faure returned to the Elysee the streets along the route where it was known he would drive were crowded with people who cheered him vociferously. It was at first reported that the would-be assassin was a young man about 25, who stood in the crowd a hundred yards or more from the race course and discharged a pistol at M. Faure as he drove up to the entrance, and there was a subsequent report that both pistol and bomb were used. But the police now believe that the supposed pistol shot was merely the noise of the bomb.

"Death to Felix Faure."

The bomb was a clumsily made affair to which a piece of fuse was attached, and the fuse was probably lighted by a paper fixed in the end of a stick as soon as the head of the procession came in view. The presumption is that at the moment the fuse was lighted the culprit fled, and in any case the bomb could not have done much harm. In the thicket where the police found the remnants of the bomb, they found a pistol on which were engraved the words "Mort a Felix Faure," and the names Alsace-Lorraine and Cologne. Near the pistol was a small dagger bearing a similar threatening inscription and a few feet away the police found a newspaper with a cartoon grossly insulting to the president. This contained an offensive inscription hinting at the execution of M. Faure.

Mob Mad to Jump on Somebody.

The correspondent of the Associated Press had an interview with an official who was riding with M. Faure. The official said: "When the report was heard a dense cloud of smoke rose from the thicket and there was consternation until it was found that no one had been injured. The police sprang forward, but found the thicket deserted. When the crowd saw one of the policemen holding the bomb they jumped to the conclusion that he was the perpetrator of the outrage, and handled him roughly, clubbing him with heavy walking sticks and umbrellas until his comrades rescued him, badly bruised and covered with blood. The president's cortege then proceeded to the race course."

MURDER OF FIVE NEGROES.

Three Women and Two Children Shot to Death by a Black Madman.

Meridian, Miss., June 14.—News reached here last night of the murder of five negroes in the extreme northwestern portion of Kemper county. A negro man named Sibley, while crazy drunk on blind-tiger whisky, secured a gun and started out to kill every person he met. The first he ran across happened to be five negroes—three women and two children. The fiend shot them down and left them dead where they fell. He also shot at six other negroes, who narrowly escaped.

As soon as the bloody work of Sibley was discovered the most intense excitement prevailed and a mob was organized to lynch the murderer. Sibley took to the woods, carrying his shotgun with him and at last accounts the mob had surrounded him and a bloody fight was imminent. Word comes from DeKalb that the sheriff of Kemper county has gone to the scene with a large posse.

Attacks the Civil Service Law.

Chicago, June 14.—The constitutionality of the Illinois civil service law is to be passed upon by the state supreme court. Corporation Counsel Thornton has announced that he is preparing a radical answer to the mandamus proceedings filed by the citizens' association against Mayor Harrison. The answer takes the ground that the civil service law is unconstitutional, and therefore invalid. The announcement has caused a sensation in political circles. When Harrison was informed of this he was greatly surprised. But he intimated that Thornton would take the mayor's view of the matter, or—and here he stopped. He declared emphatically, however, that he would not countenance any attempt to overthrow the law.

Special Judges Are Costly.

Indianapolis, June 14.—The auditor of state has called attention of the attorney general to the fact that the pay of special judges in the state in the last six months amounts to $15,000, and has asked advice regarding a number of these cases. It is charged that some of the special judges have charged for three days when they served but one, especially when going to another circuit to try a case, although they went and returned the same day.

Aldrich Ordered to Take a Rest.

Washington, June 14.—Senator Aldrich left the city by order of his physician Saturday. He has been confined to his room at the Arlington almost all the time since the first week of the tariff debate, with an aggravated attack of indigestion and disentery. As he did not improve his physician decided that he should go where he would have absolute rest and be free from the possibility of any consultation with him on the tariff.

THE WORK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, June 11.—The senate rejected the proposal to amend the agricultural schedule of the tariff bill by providing for an export bounty for agricultural products—59 to 10. The sugar schedule was taken up and the committee withdrew its amendments to the house bill and introduced its substitue. This started the talk and there was no further business done.

The house passed two comparatively unimportant resolutions, and then adjourned until Monday.

Washington, June 12.—The first test vote on the sugar schedule was taken in the senate late yesterday, resulting in the adoption of the Republican caucus amendment changing the house rate of 1.95 per pound, by the close vote of yeas, 32; nays, 30. The affirmative vote was made up of twenty-nine Republicans, one Democrat (McEnery of Louisiana), one silver Republican (Jones of Nevada), and one Populist (Stewart of Nevada). The negative vote was made up of twenty-five Democrats, three Populists, and two silver Republicans.

Washington, June 14.—The senate Saturday listened to a speech arraigning the sugar schedule, and saying that the speculators in sugar stock understood the value of the schedule to the trust, if the Republican senators did not. McEnery of Louisiana, who had voted against the party on many tariff schedules, then made a long speech in defense of his position and in favor of protection. A vote was taken on the Jones amendment to remove in effect the Dutch standard of classification, and it was rejected by 29 yeas to 32 nays.

Washington, June 15.—The sum total of the senate's work on the tariff bill yesterday was the defeat of an amendment to strike out the differential duty on sugar—29 to 27 against striking out.

The house met, refused to do any business and adjourned until Thursday. A petition alleged to contain 6,000,000 names praying for the recognition of Cuban belligerency was rolled into the chamber.

OUTRAGE ON A VETERAN.

Governor of a Soldiers' Home the Object of Dynamite Dastards.

Leavenworth, Kas., June 12.—Joseph W. Oliver, a dishonerably discharged soldier from the Soldiers' home here, is under arrest suspected of an attempt to kill Governor Andrew J. Smith and his wife and daughter. Yesterday their home was nearly wrecked by dynamite exploded by some miscreant with the evident intent to kill the whole family. Oliver is a tough character, and a few months ago was arrested and punished for deliberately shooting into an electric car. A few nights ago John Biringer's powder magazine was robbed, and it is believed the robber is the one who caused the explosion.

Many friends of Governor Smith and his family in this city went to the home to offer assistance, and the authorities are active in their efforts to hunt down the perpetrators. It is the universal opinion that the outrage is a direct result of the persecution waged against Governor Smith for the past five or six years by certain persons in Leavenworth and elsewhere in Kansas. Threats to blow up the governor have been freely made by discharged veterans since the national board of managers made the order transferring Colonel Smith to Santa Monica, Cal.

NATIVES ATTACK THE POLICE.

England Will Have to Start Out Another "Punitive" Expedition.

Vryburg, Bechuanaland, June 15.—The startling intelligence has been received here that the police camp at Mashowing has been attacked by a body of natives 500 strong and six of the police killed. The camp is situated in the heart of the district where the rebellion broke out last January, and the supposition is that the natives came by stealth from Langberg and took the camp by surprise. A body of 100 volunteers has started for the scene of the outbreak.

He Is in Great Demand.

Anderson, Ind., June 15.—Rev. Amos Whiteman, the preacher horse thief sent up from this county two years ago, completed his sentence Sunday, and when he stepped from prison he found six deputies from as many different sections of Indiana, Ohio and Illinois waiting for him. Deputy Sheriff Walker, of Darke county, O., got him and took him home. Whiteman is about 55 years of age, is a pious-looking fellow and passed as an evangelist. He would go to different farm communities to preach and spot the finest horses of his congregation. His accomplices would follow his instructions and get them. They would be bleached and bobbed and sold in Chicago.

Suicide of Barney Barnato.

London, June 15.—A special dispatch from Funchal, Island of Madeira, off the west coast of Morocco, says that on the arrival there yesterday of the British steamship Scot, which left Table bay (Cape Town) on June 2 for Southampton, it was announced that Barney Barnato, the South Africa "Diamond King," who was among the passengers, had committed suicide by leaping overboard. His body was recovered.

Two Men Killed, One Fatally Hurt.

Johnstown, Pa., June 14.—Two men were killed outright and one fatally injured on a Pennsylvania railroad bridge east of here a few miles, just before midnight Saturday. One of the victims was knocked into the Conemaugh river and his body has not been found. Identification has not been made. The rumor is that all three were Johnstown men, but railroad men believe they were tramps.

Won the Handball Championship.

Chicago, June 14.—William Carney, of Chicago, champion handball player of the west, yesterday afternoon defeated James Fitzgerald, the champion of Ireland, six games out of a series of seven. The match was for $500 a side and the championship of the world. The men will meet again July 4 in Brooklyn for a final series of eight games.

Trainmen to Blame for the Wreck.

Hudson, Wis., June 11.—The coroner's inquest was concluded yesterday afternoon over the six bodies that perished in the railroad catastrophe here last Monday. The jury found that the acident was caused and the men came to their death by a collision occasioned by the violation of train orders on the part of Conductor James Owens and Engineer E. W. Brogan, of the work train.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

Some of the Important Happenings in the Prairie State During the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our People.

Bunker Hill, Ills., June 14.—John R. Richards, millionaire and mayor of this city, was shot and fatally wounded at noon Saturday by Captain F. Y. Hedley, editor of the Bunker Hill Gazette. He died six hours later. The shooting was the result of a political feud. Macoupin county is excited from one end to the other by the tragedy. Only the popularity of Captain Hedley prevented a lynching. Feeling is running high, and the prominence of both men has aroused intense partisan feeling. Lynch talk was freely indulged in by the friends of the murdered man. Editor Hedley is in jail at Carlinville, about forty miles north of here. He surrendered himself immediately after the shooting.

Both Leaders in Illinois Politics.

He was at once taken to that city to await the result of the wounds he had inflicted and to prevent mob violence, which was feared by the authorities in case of a fatal termination.

Both the murdered man and the editor have long been leaders in southern Illinois politics, and their reputations have extended beyond the borders of the state. Mayor Richards was one of the most popular men in the county, being widely known for his philanthropic deeds. He was elected mayor last spring on the Republican ticket, receiving the indorsement of the regular Democratic convention. He lived in a handsome residence, and on his estate had built an electric light and water works plant, with which he supplied the city with light and water free of charge. He was 66 years of age and a bachelor.

But Couldn't Get Along Together.

Captain Hedley has a national reputation. He was an intimate friend of the late Walter Q. Gresham, and has of late been engaged by the relatives of the former secretary of state in writing a book of personal memoirs. He served all through the war of the rebellion with Gresham. The men were political enemies of year's standing. They met at noon Saturday on one of the principal streets. There were a score or more of eye-witnesses to the shooting, but none who heard the words that passed between them before the editor drew his revolver and fired two shots at the mayor. The first shot inflicted a smal flesh wound in the right arm. The second entered the right side, passed through the right lung, and lodged in the spine.

Blows Exchanged in the Street.

Richards was a giant physically. The man who killed him is a pigmy. The murdered man weighed 250 pounds and his assailant tips the beam at barely 140 pounds. After their meeting on the street blows were exchanged. Richards struck at Hedley and it is claimed made a move to draw a pistol when Hedley whipped out his revolver and fired the two shots. The local physicians pronounced the wound fatal, but a special train was sent to St. Louis for Dr. Mudd, who made the run here, thirty-seven miles, in thirty-three minutes, only to agree with the local doctors.

Another Explanation of the Trouble.

Although general belief is expressed in the theory that the fatal encounter was the outcome of this political feud, many insist a woman is at the bottom of the trouble. Although 66 years old, it is said that Mayor Richards wished to marry his stenographer, Ella Brown. It is alleged that he accused Captain Hedley of preventing the marriage, and assaulted him three times within six months. When another assault was attempted Saturday Captain Hedley's friends say he was armed in anticipation of it.

TANNER VETOES VOTING MACHINES.

Illinois Governor's Action on His Last Day for the Signing of Bills.

Springfield, Ills., June 15.—Yesterday was the last day provided by law for Governor Tanner to sign the bills passed by the fortieth general assembly. He vetoed the bill providing for the adoption of voting machines, holding that it would be unconstitutional under the present law providing for voting by ballot, and that it might result in various systems of returns. He also vetoed the bill appropriating $97,000 for additions to the Western Hospital for the Insane at Rock Island and the bill appropriating $47,000 for improvements on the Hospital for the Incurable Insane at Bentonville, on the ground of the depleted condition of the state's funds.

Among other bills he signed was the bill repealing the libel law; the bill exempting $8 per week from garnishment and the bill to prevent the coloring of butterine or imitations of butter.

Vetoed a Park Bill.

Springfield, Ills., June 12.—Governor Tanner yesterday vetoed senate bill No. 264, an act to enable park commissioners having control of parks bordering on public waters in the state to enlarge and connect the same by extensions over the beds of such waters. The governor is doubtful as to its constitutionality, ex-United States Senator John M. Palmer having filed with him an opinion that it was liable to constitutional objections.

Rewards of $300 Offered.

Bloomington, Ills., June 11.—The board of supervisors of McLean county has offered a reward of $100 for the arrest of Mrs. Anna Colton, suspected of the murder of her husband, Michael T. Colton; also $100 for information leading to the conviction of the murderer of Michael T. Colton.

State Notes.

Judge Carroll D. Boggs has been elected to the Illinois superme bench from the First supreme court district.

After an idleness of over six weeks the strike of junior steamfitters at Chicago has ended. The men gained an advance of $2 a week and returned to work.

Governor Tanner, of Illinois, has vetoed the senate bill entitled an act regulating the practice of osteopathy in the state of Illinois.

The business men of Quincy, Ills., decided on a grand band tournament for this fall. Three thousand dollars will be hung up in prizes.

A Scotch member of parliament has delivered a lecture on golf, in which he traced the game to the garden of Eden.

RAN AWAY WITH A MAN'S WIFE.

Seems However That the Fair Lady Was Consenting Thereto.

Chicago, June 15.—While Joe F. Willard ate succulent viands and drank sparkling wine with Detective Howard in a Randolph street restaurant yesterday afternoon his runaway bride, nee Aiken, of Menominee, Mich., aged 19, and an heiress, was taken from the Grand Palace hotel by a relative, R. E. Jennings, and spirited out of Chicago for an unknown point in the Wolverine State. Mrs. Willard is the petted niece and ward of S. M. Stephenson, ex-representative, lumber man, banker, millionaire, and the most notable citizen of Menominee. Willard is an actor from Eau Claire, Wis. He met Miss Aiken in Menominee while he was managing a dramatic benefit there. She became fascinated with him. They eloped, were married, and on Saturday afternoon arrived in Chicago.

The rage and hasty departure of Willard for Menominee late in the afternoon, when informed on his return to the Palace hotel in North Clark street of the deception that had been practiced upon him, is the theme of the next act of the drama, while the intended application of Mrs. Willard for a divorce in one of the Wolverine courts and her journey to a new home in a distant state are expected to make the affair a closed incident.

Tramp Burned to Death.

Stuttgart, Ark., June 14.—A wreck occurred on the Cotton Belt railroad, nine miles southwest of here. A local freight was ditched on account of a culvert burning out. The engineer and fireman jumped and saved their lives. Two tramps who were stealing a ride were injured and one riding the rods under a car was smothered and burned to death.

Saved the Lives of Ten Men.

Clinton, Ia., June 15.—Albert Hardin's timely recollection of an abandoned shaft in the Torry mines saved the lives of ten imperiled miners. The dump and other structures owned by W. S. Bogle of Chicago had caught fire. Hardin got the miners into the abandoned shaft, where they were rescued later on.

Woman Suicide Identified.

New York, June 15.—The woman who committed suicide in the vestibule of Calvary Episcopal church Saturday afternoon has been positively identified as Mrs. Josephine Doriat. She was a native of Bordeaux, France, about 45 years of age, and was a divorced woman.

Statue of Siddons Unveiled.

London, June 15.—Sir Henry Irving Monday unveiled the memorial statue to Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the famous English actress on Paddington green, close to Paddington, Old Cemetery, where her remains were interred sixty-six years ago.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, June 14.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade:—Wheat, June opened and closed nominal; July, opened 69c, closed 70¼c; September opened 64¼c, closed 65⅝c; December, opened 66c, closed 67c. Corn—June, opened and closed nominal; July, opened 24⅝c, closed 25¼c; September, opened 25¼c, closed 26⅛c. Oats—June, opened and closed nominal; July, opend 18¼c, closed 18¼c; September, opened 18¼c, closed 18⅝c. Pork—July, opened $7.47½, closed $7.67½c; September, opend $7.60, closed $7.80. Lard—July, opened $3.60, closed $3.75; September, opened $3.70, closed $3.75.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½@ per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb; chickens, 7@7½c; ducks, 7@7½c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 30@32c per bu. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $2.00@3.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 14.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 44,000; sales ranged at $3.10@3.50 pigs, $3.40@3.55 for light, $3.20@3.30 for rough packing, $3.40@3.52½ for mixed, and $3.35@3.50 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@5.35 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.65@5.00 good to choice do., $4.25@4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.60@4.00 stockers, $4.00@4.55 feeders, $1.85@4.00 cows, $2.60@4.35 heifers, $2.50@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@4.30 Texas steers, and $3.50@6.00 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at $3.40@4.40 westerns, $2.50@4.00 Texans, $2.50@4.35 natives, and $3.25@5.70 lambs. 32½c.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, June 14.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 spring, 72¼c; No. 1 northern, 76½c; July, 69⅞c. Corn—Firm and wanted; No. 3, 24@24½c. Oats—Higher; No. 2 white, 21½@22½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 31@32c; sample, 25@32c. Rye—Dull and lower; No. 1, 34¾c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, June 14.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 red cash elevator, 83½c; track, 85@85½c; July, 71½c. Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 23c; July, 23c bid. Oats—Dull; No. 2 cash, 17½c bid; July, 18½c asked. Rye—Better, 32@

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, June 14.

Wheat—Cash white, 83c; cash red, 83c; July, 71½c bid; September, 68¼c bid.

Editor Otto, of The Artist, a weekly paper published at Duesseldorf, has been convicted of libeling Lona Barrison, of the notorious Barrison sisters. The paper spoke of her as an indecent person.

A cyclone struck St. Vincent island, of the Windward group, seriously damaging some of the public buildings, injuring a number of persons at Georgetown, capsizing a sloop and drowning three of the crew.

According to a New York Herald correspondent more than a thousand persons die every day in Cuba as a result of famine and disease, due to Weyler's "reconcentration" of pacificos.

Obituary: At Milwaukee, Andrew Lanigan, 60. At Syracuse, N. Y., Artemus H. Manwaring, of Cleveland.

Mrs. Edith L. Bruno fell from a balloon into the Tennessee river at Chattanooga and was drowned.

On the announcement of a 10 per cent. general reduction of wages at the Worcester cycle shops in Middletown, Conn., 100 men went on strike.

He Got It.

First Thug (after the hold up)—Did de old gent come down wid de boodle when you told 'im you wanted some money an you wanted it bad?

Second Thug (disgustedly)—Yes. He said he would take me at me word, an he handed me out er $5 counterfeit bill.

WORK OF A CYCLONE.

IT CAUSED CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE IN MINNESOTA.

One Life Known To Be Lost and a Score or So More or Less Injured—The Dead Man Carried Forty Rods by the Whirling Terror—Clean Path Swept by the Wind.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 11.—A special to The Tribune from Mason City, Ia., says: At 6:50 last night a cyclone struck northwest of Lytle, Minn., taking a southeasterly course. Several people were killed and injured. It tore up houses and other buildings in its course and the territory is now bare. It was half a mile in width. All telegraph lines north are down, and box cars on sidings were smashed into kindling. Cannot get list of killed. Another telegram from Willmar says: A cyclone passing over the town of Kandiohi, this county, entirely demolished the building on the farm of John Berquist.

A special from Osage, Ia., to The Tribune confirms the report of the cyclone, and says six persons were killed and a number injured. A special train will take surgeons from that place.

Later.—The storm damage is exaggerated. Only one person was killed, Henry Hanson, but about a score were more or less injured. Great havoc was played with houses and other property.

Not So Bad as Reported.

Lyle, Minn., June 11.—The first reports concerning the cyclone at this place were exaggerated. The damage is almost entirely in the country. Instead of six persons being killed, as at first stated, only one—Henry Hanson, living about two miles west near the Iowa line—met death. Hanson had just returned home from Lyle and was caring for his team when the storm struck the barn, completely demolishing it and killing the team and other stock. Hanson was carried about forty rods east, where his body, badly mutilated, was found. He was a prosperous farmer and leaves a widow and child.

Played Havoc with Property.

As nearly as now can be ascertained the storm originated four miles west of this village, and pursued a zigzag course toward the northwest, sweeping everything before it fully half a mile wide. Trees and telephone and telegraph poles were broken off, and barns, houses, orchards, groves and gardens swept with the mad fury of the storm. Several loaded cars on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad were removed bodily from the track at the railroad yard of L. A. Sherman, and scattered promiscuously about the country. Wind mills without number were destroyed.

Fifteen or Twenty Persons Hurt.

As most of the damage is in the country it is difficult to get accurate information, but as nearly as can be learned, from fifteen to twenty persons are more or less injured. Peter Hanson, a harness maker, had his leg broken in two places, and his son, 4 years old, had a severe head wound, but will recover. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, of Clarion, Ia., who were visiting at Hanson's, are both slightly injured. Charley Larson, wife and child, are injured. Others injured slightly are: Mrs. Stipe, P. K. Johnson, Christine Peterson, Mads Peterson, Peter Peterson, Charles Severson, Mrs. Dr. Fraser, Mrs. M. L. Hughson and her son-in-law and daughter.

Obliterated a School House.

The school house known as Minnereka near the Iowa line is completely obliterated. Everything that can be done is being carefully attended to by citizens and friends. Physicians from Osage, Mitchell and St. Ansgar are on the ground assisting the local doctors. The damage to property is variously estimated at from $25,000 to $75,000.

NEW ENGLAND SWEPT BY FLOOD.

Unprecedented June Weather Up There—Heavy Rain Works Havoc.

Boston, June 11.—The northeastern rain storm which set in Wednesday morning, and which was apparently the culmination of a week of dull easterly weather, appears to have blown itself out. The storm has been almost unprecedented for this month, many years having passed since rain has fallen so heavily in June. The storm was apparently confined to Massachusetts and the regions northward, scarcely any rain falling south of the state line. The destruction to life and property by reason of the storm has also been surprising, particularly along the various branches of the Boston and Maine railroad. Washouts have multiplied and the freight wreck at Exeter, N. H., in which three trainmen were killed, was due directly to the storm. The loss to the road by the storm will be fully $15,000.

Nearly every city and town in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont situated on a stretch of considerable size reports more or less damage by the high water, while the low lands all through this region are flooded. At Dover, N. H., where in 1896 four bridges and a business block were carried away by the floods, the Cochoo mills have suspended operations. Along the Merrimac river, particuarly at Concord, N. H., there was some destruction of property. In that city one of the peculiar results of the overflow of Penacook lake is that the city's water supply has been cut off, as the water has been diverted from the service pipes.

The precipitation has been exceptional, 2.06 inches of rain having fallen since Wednesday morning, while the wind at times reached a velocity of thirty miles an hour. The reports from northern New England show even a greater rain fall than in this state, and predict small crops because of seed rotting in the sodden ground.

Lived in One Town 57 Years.

Delavan, Wis., June 15.—James Aram, a leading citizen, who settled in Delavan fifty-seven years ago, died Sunday night, aged 84 years, and is survived by his widow, whom he married over sixty-one years ago. Aram was chairman of this town fifteen years, and for several years had been vice president of E. Latimer & Co.'s bank.

Rivera Is Not Under Death Sentence.

Washington, June 15.—The Spanish minister has received an official communication stating that the report coming from Habana via Key West that the insurgent leaders, Rivera and Bacalloa, are in danger of being shot, is false, for not a single insurgent leader is under the death sentence.

Well-Known Turfman Dead.

Lexington, Ky., June 12.—Byron McClelland, the well-known turfman, died at 8:15 o'clock last night.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 9.

"Eph" Morris, ex-champion oarsman of the United States, died Monday at his home in Allegheny of consumption. Morris was defeated by Edward Hanlan on June 20, 1878, and then retired.

The Thingvalla Line steamer Hekla, which collided in the ocean May 27 with the Atlantic Transport Line steamer Mississippi, has arrived safely at Christiania.

Roger W. Keep, a Yale man, 31 years old, and worth $200,000, killed himself at Lockport, N. Y., by putting a bullet through his heart. Overstudy.

According to expert calculation war with Greece up to date has cost Turkey a sum of $10,000,000 over and above its ordinary expenditure.

The seventeenth annual convention of the American Waterworks association is in session at Denver, about 150 delegates from the principal cities of twenty state being in attendance.

Many of the patriotic Greeks who went from this and other countries to fight against the Turks are in a pitiable condition.

Thursday, June 10.

Hon. John C. Welty has announced that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Ohio.

While trying to arrest three burglars at Omaha, Police Officers Tiedmann and Glover were shot, the former perhaps fatally. Glover's wounds are not thought to be serious. The burglars escaped.

Dr. John Lewis Smith is the patriarch of Methodism in Indiana, and he wrote, in his 82nd year, a book of 450 pages, containing anecdotes of pioneer preachers and their charges in the west.

Vienna detectives have caught the thief who has been robbing picture collections in Vienna, Buda Pesth, Madrid and other places, while trying to sell an old master recently taken from a private collection. He is a Buda Pesth doctor of medicine named Bela Lenke.

A man who declared that he is Francis Schlatter, the healer, who was reported to have starved to death in Mexico, arrived in Cleveland Tuesday.

Friday, June 11.

Ed Benz, engineer, and Jim Northcut, a train hand, were fatally hurt in a railway collision at Bradford, Tenn.

As John Crowell, wife and 4-year-old son were returning to their home at Berry Lake, a mile from Whiting, Ind., they were struck by a Lake Shore and Michigan Southern passenger train and father and son were instantly killed and the woman seriously injured.

Charles Rankin, engineer, and A. C. Young and Albert Chandler, brakemen, all of Portland, Me., were killed in a freight wreck on the Boston and Maine railway near Exeter, N. H.

President McKinley has decided to appoint his uncle, Ben F. McKinley, deputy postmaster at San Francisco.

In towns along the Connecticut river much damage is being done by flood.

Octagon won hte Brooklyn Derby, in 2:10¾; Buddha, second; Don de Oro, third.

The czarina has been delivered of another daughter at the Peterhoff, St. Petersburg.

Saturday, June 12.

Charles N. Cunningham was found guilty at Cleveland of forging the name of Judge E. T. Hamilton to a check for $75,000. Efforts were made to prove he was insane at the time he committed the crime.

By a vote of the people 11,000 inhabitants have been added to the population of Oakland, Cal., and $7,000,000 to its assessed valuation.

Policeman Joseph Smith, of the Thirteenth precinct, second division, wears the gold medal offered by the Chicago Record for the best pistol shot on the police force.

James M. Gordy was hanged at Georgetown, Dela., for the murder of his wife. He protested his innocence to the last.

The New Haven (Conn.) Chair company, manufacturers of bicycles and rolling chairs, is in the hands of receivers. Isaac N. Dana, president of the company, and E. C. Merrick were appointed. Liabilities are about $55,000.

It is denied at the navy department that the cruiser New York sailed away from Boston Thursday under sealed orders. She has only gone to Newport News.

Monday, June 14.

The strike of the iron molders at the General Electric company's River works, Lynn, Mass., that has been effective since Oct. 16, 1895, has been declared off by the union.

Archbishop Francis Janssens, of the Roman Catholic diocese of New Orleans, died of heart failure Thursday on the steamer Creole while bound for New York.

The czar's baby is to receive a singular name, Tatiana.

The New York Herald has started a fund for Mark Twain, the celebrated American humorist, opening the list with a subscription of $1,000.

Louis Yura, Charles Fenton, Patrick Nicholas and Ira Evans have been arrested on a charge of murdering Isaac Hill at Farmington, O. Hill was shot through the heart in his home by masked men.

The strike of the tailors at New York entered upon its fifth week yesterday and there seems little hope that the end will be reached for at least ten days more.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

SHOPPING LONG AGO.

SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION IN "THE PASTON LETTERS."

Commissions Which Wives Gave to Their Husbands In the Fifteenth Century Have a Quaint Appearance In This Age—Dame Paston as a Housewife.

In the spring of 1440 Dame Agnes Paston wrote to her "right worshipful and dear husband" in haste, the Wednesday next after "Deus qui errantibus" (the collect for the third Sunday after Easter). Having commended the gracious mien of the young gentlewoman her son proposes to marry, she says:

"The parson of Stockton told me that if ye would buy her a gown her mother would give thereto a goodly fur; the gown needeth to be had, and of color it would be a goodly blue or else a bright sanguine."

The Mistress Margaret Mauteby, for whom this gown was "purveyed," became the wife of John Paston, and her letters, covering nearly 50 years, are noteworthy in that famous collection, 'The Paston Letters,' which reveal so many secrets of bygone statecraft, but, what is of more worth to us now, giving glimpses of household economy and, by clear connotation, the inner life of the women of the period. Margaret Paston appears as an active, prudent housewife, looking into every detail of her large establishment and, from her husband's prolonged absences, forced to assume many masculine cares. She managed the several farms of their estate in the Hundred of Tunstead, Norfolkshire. She planned new buildings, armed and defended her besieged hall, conducted lawsuits and arranged the marriages of her children and grandchildren. But, withal, she was a very woman, and it is interesting to note the "ewig weibliche" running like a thread of gold through a long series of letters.

The orders sent to her husband and son, who were usually in London, for various articles of apparel are curious to examine. That in her youth she was fond of all gauds may be guessed from a letter written not long after her marriage, when, inquiring minutely of her husband's health during some slight indisposition, she had "lever than a new gowne, though it were of scarlette," that he recover. Her commissions are usually very moderate and limited to the plain necessities of everyday wear, as for example:

"I pray you that ye would vouchsafe to buy me some frise to make of your children's gowns. Ye should have best cheap and best choice of Hay's wife, as it is told me. And that ye would buy a yard of broad cloth of black, for one hood for me, of 44d. or 4 shillings a yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frise in this town."

Yet this town was Norwich, the seat of woolen factories from the time of Henry I, their crude work later improved by the skill of Philippa's Flemings. It was evidently the nearest market and the source of ordinary supplies, for Dame Paston had but just written, "May it please you to wit, I was at Norwich this week to purvey such things as needeth me against this winter."

Worsted and its neighboring Kersey, which gave their names to the fabrics there made, were in the east of Norfolk. In reference to the products of the former Sir John writes from London to "mine own dear sovereign lady:"

"I pray ye you will send me hither two ells of worsted for doublets to happe me this cold winter, and that ye inquire where William Paston bought his tippet of fine worsted, which is almost like silk, and if that be much finer than that ye should buy me after 7 or 8 shillings, then buy me a quarter and the nail thereof for collars, though it be dearer than the other, for I would make my doublet all worsted for the worship of Norfolk."

Sometimes a bit of feminine vanity is seen, as when Lady Paston writes her husband:

"I pray you that ye would do your cost on me against Whitsuntide that I may have something for my neck. When the queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elisabeth Clere's device, for I dared not for shame go with my beads among so many fresh gentlewomen as were here at that time."

And Sir John's memory for domestic commissions was like other men's, for in the next letter his wife prays him that he "vouchsafe to remember to purvey a thing for my neck and to do make my girdle," and in still another, "I thank you that ye vouchsafe to remember my girdle."

It shows a pleasant confidence and the assurance of her absent husband's interest in every side of her life that she writes him minutely of her plans in making her gowns, saying: "I pray you that ye would vouchsafe to buy a piece of black buckram for to line with a gown for me. I should buy me a murrey gown to go in this summer and lay in the collar the satin that ye gave me for a hood, and I can get none good buckram in this town to line it with."

The letter of her son William, written in 1459, gives us an idea of the outfit for a boy at Eton:

"I beseech you send me a hose cloth, one for the holy days of some color and one for the working days (how coarse soever it be maketh no matter) and a stomacher and two shirts and a pair of slippers."

This masculine stomacher seems from other scant mention thereof in early writings to have been a sort of skeleton inner waistcoat, perhaps not much more than the chest protector of today.

There is no more vivid appreciation of existing conditions of society than that which springs from their comparison with life relatively of the same degree in another age and environment. As a suggestion of such fruitful study is this glimpse of the shopping of Margaret, later Lady Paston of Caistor Manor.—New York Post.

AN UNHAPPY DUCHESS.

Cecily of York and the Ravages of the War of the Roses.

The wars of the roses wiped out most of the nobility of England, though the plain people suffered little, and many well born mothers mourned husbands and sons slain in the wars. But few, if any of them, had such a succession of sorrows as one who might have seemed born only to enjoy the days of her life—Cecily, wife of Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and leader of the White Rose.

Cecily Nevil was granddaughter of "Old John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster," and so great-granddaughter of King Edward III; her father was Ralph Nevil, earl of Westmorland, her mother Joan Beaufort, the Duke of Lancaster's daughter. Cecily Nevil married Richard Plantagenet when she was about 20 years old, in 1440, and they had four sons and two daughters, Edward, Edmund, George, Richard, Anne and Margaret. For 15 years no especial sorrows reached her; her sons were strong, her husband was the principal subject in the kingdom.

But in 1455 the wars of the roses began with the bloody battle at St. Albans, on May 23, and the Earl of Stafford, the nephew of Duchess Cecily, was killed there. At Northampton, on July 10, 1460, her brother-in-law, Stafford, duke of Buckingham, was killed and the terrible fight at Wakefield on Dec. 30, 1460, robbed her at once of two nephews, a brother, a son and a husband. In the battle fell Sir Thomas Nevil and Sir Edmund Bourchier, nephews, and her husband, Richard. Immediately after the battle her brother Ralph, earl of Salisbury, was executed, and her son Edmund, earl of Rutland, only 12 years old, was murdered by John, Lord Clifford, in cold blood, in revenge for the death of his father in battle.

When sorrows came to Duchess Cecily, they did not come alone. Another nephew, Sir John Nevil, fell at Towton, March 29, 1461. Then came a breathing spell, but in 1469 Sir Henry Nevil was executed, and at Barnet, April 14, 1471, fell still other nephews—John Nevil, marquis of Montague, and Richard Nevil, earl of Warwick, famous as "the king maker." On May 4, 1471, the battle of Tewkesbury was fought, and immediately afterward Edward, prince of Wales, who, though a Lancastrian, had married the duchess' niece, the "king maker's" daughter Anne, was murdered by her sons, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. They kept the killing in the family, but it was killing just the same.

Two years later, so that the duchess should not get unaccustomed to grief, her son-in-law, Thomas Holland, duke of Exeter, who had had to beg his bread in exile, was found dead on the seashore at Dover, and in 1478 her son, the Duke of Clarence, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, his wife Cecily having been poisoned previously. Her son-in-law, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, had been killed in battle in 1477. Then there was a little respite for the poor duchess. In 1483 died her son, Edward IV, only 41 years old, the first one of her descendants to die a natural death since 1455—28 years. In the same year her two grandsons, Edward V and Richard, duke of York, were murdered by their uncle and her son, Richard, duke of Gloucester, who became king as Richard III, and in his turn was killed at Bosworth field on Aug. 22, 1485, when only 35 years old. Her son-in-law, Sir Thomas St. Leger, was executed in 1483, and a grandnephew, a second Henry Stafford, duke of Buckingham, was executed in 1487.

Except for a few small deaths, such as two husbands of a niece, Catharine Nevil, and a grandson, John, earl of Lincoln, and a grandson, Edward, prince of Wales, the duchess lost no more relatives and died peacefully in 1495. All of these four but the Prince of Wales died by violence. Of her children, Margaret, duchess of Burgundy, was the only one who survived her. During the 40 years, 1455-95, she had seen 25 of her relatives die by violence and 3 by disease.

But she herself did not rest even after death. When Henry VIII destroyed the monasteries, the Collegiate church of Fotheringay was razed to the ground, and the bodies of Richard Plantagenet and Cecily Nevil, duke and duchess of York, were exposed to view in their graves. They lay so for several years, until Elizabeth, their great-great-granddaughter, queen of England in her own right, caused them to be reinterred, with the solemnities befitting the funeral of two such distinguished persons.

So Cecily Nevil, mother of two kings and grandmother of one king, having died, at last found rest.—New York Sun.

Lord Stanley's Escape.

The Ladies' Pictorial says: "Lord Stanley has a good deal of reason just now to congratulate himself on a circumstance of which he was humorously reminded in the house of commons last week—namely, that he has narrowly escaped being crown prince of Greece at the present moment. It is a fact that some years ago the crown of Greece was offered to and declined by the Earl of Derby. Had he accepted it Lord Stanley might now have been face to face with the Turks and the concert of Europe instead of presiding over the kitchen committee of the house of commons."

A Poet's Explanation.

Question—Why do women always write love poems in the masculine gender?

Answer—Because we know women too well to write in the feminine gender.—Lillie Barr Munro in New York Sun.

The Caller.

"Mary, has any one called while I was out?"

"Yes, ma'am: Mr. Biggs was here."

"Mr. Biggs? I don't recall the name."

"No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—Strand Magazine.

THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

TWO ACCOUNTS GIVING THE ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE.

One of Them Is Disappointingly Prosaic. The Other Has Enough of the Superstitious In It to Commend It—Jan Pietersen, the Baker, and the Old Woman.

Everybody knows that 13 is a "baker's dozen," but everybody does not know why. The origin of the phrase "baker's dozen" is commonly attributed to a custom that prevailed among British bakers in the days when severe penalties were inflicted upon tradesmen who cheated their customers with short weight or short measure. A dozen cakes or rolls or loaves might easily fall short of the standard weight, so in order to guard themselves against the risk of inadvertently incurring the penalties of the short weight statutes, without going to the trouble of weighing everything they sold, as a make weight, to every dozen cakes, or rolls, or loaves delivered to a customer. This explanation is unsatisfactory. It is disappointingly prosaic, and it utterly fails to account for the fact that the "baker's dozen" is also commonly known as the "devil's dozen."

A better explanation is to be found in a legend that gives the phrase an American origin. It is not wholly devoid of picturesqueness. It suggests the reason why "baker's dozen" and "devil's dozen" are synonyms, and it carries rather a good moral with it.

The story is somewhat as follows: In the middle of the seventeenth century the most famous baker in the New Netherlands was Jan Pietersen, who had come to Fort Orange from Amsterdam and was the first man in the new world to make those flat, oblong, ornamentally stamped, with caraway seed liberally besprinkled, crisp, toothsome cookies, familiar in the days before all the old Dutch customs sank into disuse under the name of "New Year's cakes." Pietersen was a just man, but his justice was never tempered with liberality. With him a dozen was a dozen, neither more nor less; also a pennyworth was worth a penny, and he parted with no pennyworth of his save in consideration of a penny had and received in exchange.

On the night of Dec. 31, 1653, Jan Pietersen sat in his shop, well stocked with New Year's cakes provided for the expected demand of the morrow, when a little old woman, bearing all the marks of age and poverty that in those days marked women out as witches, entered, demanding a dozen New Year's cookies. Pietersen carefully counted out 12 cakes. "Here are but 12. I want a dozen," remonstrated his customer. "Twelve is a dozen," said Jan. "On New Year's eve, between rich and poor, 13 is a dozen," shrilly insisted his queer customer. "Give me 13." But Pietersen would not. He argued that nobody ever heard the like; that at all times and on all occasions a dozen was a dozen. Finally, finding argument of no avail against the beldame's persistence, he told her to go to "der tuyfel" for the extra cooky. Probably the old woman took his advice, for she left the shop, and from that instant Pietersen found himself pursued by some supernatural and malevolent power. All his New Year's cakes turned stale and moldy before morning, he lost his skill as a baker, all his dough was so light that it flew up the chimney or so heavy that it fell through the oven, his journeymen robbed him, his wife developed a critical disposition and a tongue hung in the middle, his children went wild, and his trade went elsewhere. Few men could have fought against such a combination of misfortunes, but Pietersen had money laid by, and Pietersen was the most obstinate and phlegmatic of Dutchmen. So he kept his shop open though nobody came to buy, and the scant, ill made and ill baked stock he was able to provide for it molded on his hands.

During three years, on each successive New Year's eve, the old woman reappeared in Jan Pietersen's melancholy shop, demanding the thirteenth cooky. Each time she was sent anew to the devil. Jan Pietersen was no fool. He could see as far into a millstone as any man in the New Netherlands. Almost from the first he had been convinced of the connection between his refusal to count 13 to the dozen and his misfortunes. But he would not violate his life creed: "A dozen is a dozen. A man has done his whole duty toward God and toward his neighbor when he has kept strictly to the letter of the law." But at last, when his savings were all gone, he broke down and appealed to St. Nicholas to help him. Instantly the venerable guardian of all good Hollanders appeared. The saint sternly rebuked the trembling baker for the hard narrowness and self righteousness that had given the foul fiend power over him, admonished him to be more careful in the future, and concluded by promising him one more chance to redeem himself. The saint departed. In walked the old woman with her demand for the extra cooky to make up her dozen. It was handed to her, and she vanished, crying: "The spell is broken; from this time on 13 is a dozen." Jan Pietersen never forgot his lesson. Through a long and prosperous career he always gave 13 to the dozen and ascribed his success to that practice. So his custom became the custom of his trade, and 13 was the "baker's dozen." — Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Burst of Generosity.

"I hear," said the crusty old gentleman, "that there are some volins so valuable that nobody thinks of playing on them."

"Yes. I saw one in a museum," replied his wife.

"I wonder if I couldn't buy one and trade it to the young man next door for the fiddle that he has been using for the last six months."—Washington Star.

IS IT A MATTER OF TIME?

What Was Considered Modest and Proper a Hundred Years Ago.

Modesty, as has often been said, may almost be considered a matter of time and place. In the time of George III of England, though the drapery was of the scantiest, it was not considered delicate or refined to uncover the forehead. Some young ladies who had been abroad were considered bold looking because they wore their hair Madonna fashion. Ladies not in la premiere jeunesse very generally wore wigs. The princesses had their heads shaved and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening to save time for the toilet. Widows almost always shaved their heads. Lady Murray says her mother's beautiful hair was cut off for her deep mourning, and she never wore anything but a wig in after years.

At Windsor castle in those days luncheon was not, as it is now, a general meal. Each lady had a chicken, a plate of fruit and a bottle of king's cup (the peel of a lemon put to soak for some hours in cold water and then sweetened with sugar) brought to her room every day. Those were the days for servants' perquisites. On all the highest saints' days a tinsel cross of divers colors was placed on the tables of the ladies or sent to their residences, and a guinea was understood to be due in return. A bottle of wine every two days and unnecessary wax candles were the perquisites of the ladies' maids.

Candles were extinguished as soon as lit, to be carried off by servants. Pages were seen marching out before the royal family with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket, and the state page called regularly upon each person who attended the drawing rooms, with his book, to receive the accustomed gratuity. The ladies in waiting then wore the Windsor uniform, which is at present confined to the gentlemen attendants. It was a blue cloth habit, not long, as worn for riding, but the length of a gown, with buttons having a star surrounded with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" and a scarlet collar.—New York Herald.

Hat Shooting.

A visitor in Pass Christian, Miss., the other day heard some pistol shots and asked a negro boy what they meant. "Oh," was the reply, "them fellows dun be shootin fo' hats." "Shooting for hats!" exclaimed the visitor, "what on earth do you mean?" "Sure, dere is nuffin strange 'bout dat. They's doin it ebry day 'most. When de train is comin, day jes' fires dem shots when she gets good on to de bridge, an de men day sticks dere heads out to see what's up, an de wind jes' takes dere hats off an drops 'em in de bay. Den dey rows around an picks 'em up. Sometimes dey gets a lot of 'em. Other day Josh Johnson got seben." "What does Josh Johnson do besides shoot for hats?" was asked. "Oh, he fishes an does odd jobs an lives."—New York Tribune.

Footed the Bills.

Francis W. Bird, the Sage of Walpole, once went to see Dr. S. G. Howe and found him with his feet swathed in flannels and extended on a chair. "Howe, what is the matter?" he asked. "I have got the gout," said Howe. "You have got the gout—such a temperance man as you." "Yes, Bird, my ancestors drank wine, and I have to foot the bills."—Boston Transcript.

In former times chapels were commonly built on bridges at the entrance of towns and villages, but the custom has long since fallen into disuse, and very few of these structures remain today. One of the best existing specimens may be seen at Rotherham. It stands on the bridge crossing the Don and was built in 1483. Leland mentions it in 1550.

EDMUND KEAN.

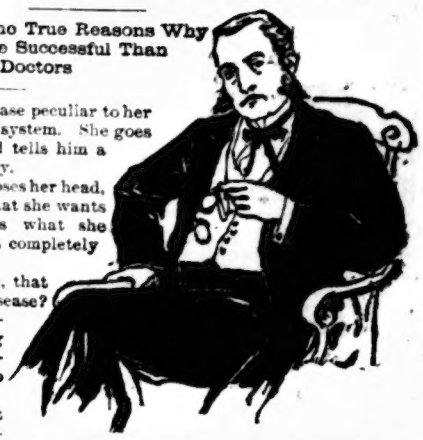
To See Him Act Was Like Reading Shakespeare by Lightning.

Before the third century after the birth of Shakespeare had reached its first quarter there was born in England to a stage carpenter and a strolling actress a child destined to grapple with the poet's highest thought and interpret it with a vividness that to this day stands unrivaled. Coleridge's terse comment, that to see him act was reading Shakespeare by lightning, reveals him with the fullness of a volume. Edmund Kean, along with most people early trained to an art, had little, if any, education of the schools. He was when a boy provided with instruction by some benevolent people whom his smartness and beauty attracted, but he rebelled against the tasks of study and went to sea. But life there was too rough for his fine nature. He returned to England, and at the age of 7 began the study of Shakespeare's characters with his uncle Moses. This he continued with an actress named Tidswell, who taught him besides, as well as she knew, the principles of her art.

At that early age he had the credit of originality so surprising as even then to challenge the supremacy of Philip Kemble. At 14 he played Hamlet. King George had him recite at Windsor castle, and it is said this incident led some gentlemen to send him to Eton, but there is no record of it. At 20 he was in a provincial troop, a member of which he married, and for six years thereafter, until his glorious night at Drury Lane, his life was one of hardship, struggle, obscurity, but, thanks to the faith in himself, not hopeless. His London debut was made at 28. He had fought for it hard and long and would then have missed it but for the falling reputation of the theater. London debuts in first roles are not easy for provincial actors, and none knows better how hard they are to get than Henry Irving. Kean seems to have been at his full splendor, and made a hit. After that his habits were altogether prejudicial to the refinement of taste or the acquisition of knowledge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham Is More Successful Than the Family Doctors



A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

BIRDS AND DISEASE.

An Authority Who Thinks Birds Incapable of Carrying Contagion.

Persons interested in birds have recently been debating the question whether these creatures are capable of contracting diseases from human beings or of transmitting disease to human beings. Expert opinion seems to be divided. On the one hand Dr. K. Rulf, director of Gefierderte Welt, in a recent letter to the president of the Acclimation society, asserts that the transmission of any disease from a bird to a man and vice versa is absolutely impossible. Says Dr. Rulf:

"For more than 30 years I have been occupied in keeping, observing and raising exotic birds of plumage; consequently I have had occasion to deal with them when ill. Every bird that has died has been examined, and I have thus dissected during about 30 years several hundred parakeets. I have always kept these birds during their illness, sometimes for a considerable period, in my apartment, which is somewhat restricted in size, being composed of only six rooms for four grown persons and four children. During all this period I have not had a single case of sickness in my family, although the birds have had all possible kinds of maladies. I am also confirmed in my belief by the fact that I have allowed no opportunity to pass of asking for information on the subject from the principal dealers in birds at Hamburg, Cologne, London, Liverpool, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Marseilles and Bordeaux whenever they had sick birds in considerable numbers. In no case was I informed that any one, either a member of the family or an employee, had been attacked in the house of one of these merchants, and I obtained the same information from the directors of the great zoological gardens at Paris and London. No contagion—and I cannot insist too strongly on this point—could ever be established."

These, however, are all negative facts and would fail to stand against even one authenticated case of the transmission of disease to or from pet birds. Such cases, it is believed, have been proved to exist by Dr. Laboulbene, who communicates an account of his investigations to the bulletin of the Acclimation society.

FISH WITH WINGS.

These Scaly Fliers Are Plentiful In Tropic Deep Waters.

The flying fish loves deep water and is found throughout the length and breadth of tropical seas. He is fond of feeding near the gulf weed of the Sargasso and deposits his stringy, glutinous spawn on its yellow branches. Vessels bound from New York to the Caribbee islands, upon reaching the "horse latitudes," sometimes encounter vast quantities of drifting weed, strung out into long ribbonlike patches about an eighth of a mile apart. Among the golden weed, with its delicate leaves and globular seeds, exists a curious family of cuttlefish, crabs, mollusks and small fishes. Upon these the flying fish preys, and they in turn devour its spawn. Every plunge of the steamer as she plows through the blue tropical waters frightens dozens of flying fish into the air, where they scatter in all directions, with the sunlight glistening on their gauzy wings.

The flying fish of the Atlantic attains a length of nearly one foot and a breadth between wing tips of 11 inches. He has a round, compact body, about about one inch in diameter near the pectoral fins or wings. There is also an auxiliary pair of ventral fins or wings, not nearly so large as the pectoral pair. The wings are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched over a delicate bony framework and are either black, white or mottled with both. The upper half of the entire fish is a metallic blue in color, while the lower portion is a nacreous white. Black, prominent eyes; a small, prehensile mouth; forked tail, dorsal and anal fins, complete the picture of one of the most interesting little fishes in all nature's vast aquarium.

In flight he darts from the water to a height of 20 feet and goes scudding away before the wind, beating the air rapidly with both wings and tail. He sails straight away for 1,000 feet or even more, occasionally touching the crest of a wave, and seeming to gain a new impetus by the contact.—Forest and Stream.

IN TIME OF SORROW.

I cannot think you dead. It must be only
That you have traveled far.
And while I find my path on earth more lonely,
My sky has gained a star—

A star whose place in heaven I see more plainly,
Because with me 'tis night.
Yet through my tears I sometimes see it waning
And cannot find its light.
—Katharine L. Ferris in Harper's Magazine.

HE FELT SMALLEST.

The Story of a Married Man's Visit to a Grocery Store.

There are occasions when a man feels small, there are occasions when he feels smaller and there are occasions when he feels smallest. This tale deals with one of the last mentioned.

He had been instructed to get something at one of the large grocery houses in the business section of the city, "because," as his wife explained it, "they don't keep it out here."

He had also been instructed to get just two pounds of it, "because," as his wife again explained, "I merely wish to try it and see whether it is an improvement upon what I am now using."

Then she wrote the name on a slip of paper for him, for she had learned by experience not to trust to his memory, and informed him that she didn't know how much it would cost, but that it certainly would not be very much, to which he responded that he was glad of that, for the reason that he had only a little change with him.

So it happened that he drifted into one of the big retail grocery houses that afternoon, pulled out a scrap of paper with the name of what he wanted on it, handed it to a clerk and said he'd take two pounds.

The clerk looked a little surprised and asked if he couldn't use five pounds, as the stuff came in five pound packages, but he felt confident that his wife knew her business, and besides he could not forget that he only had about $1.75 in change in his pocket anyway, so he coldly informed the clerk that he knew what he wanted and how much he wanted and that he saw no reason for wasting his hard earned cash on more than that just because they were fools enough to put it up in large packages.

The clerk said "All right" and broke the five pound package to get the necessary two pounds. Then it suddenly dawned upon the young man that in view of the bluff he had made he would be in a very awkward position if the two pounds came to more than his $1.75. He recalled that his wife had said that it wouldn't cost very much, but she had said the same thing once about a bonnet, and he had never placed much faith in her views of the value of things since. However, he made the best of the situation and asked "How much?" without a trace of nervousness.

"Three cents a pound," answered the clerk.

That was when he experienced the superlative of the adjective "small." He felt that he had made about 20 cents' worth of work to get 6 cents' worth of stuff out of a 15 cent package and in addition had suffered a full dollar's worth of mental torture.

He was not in good humor when he reached home.—Chicago Post.

Leighton's Punctuality.

One well known and decidedly inartistic quality of Lord Leighton was his punctuality. He was once in Damascus and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton had actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase straight from Damascus the model was knocking at the door of the studio.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 19, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"A Hot Member."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Bells of Corneville."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—McCaull Comic Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A CONTEMPLATED BOULEVARD OUTRAGE.

For some reason, which we are compelled to call dishonest, there seems to be a burning desire in some quarters to have Thirty-fifth street, between Michigan and Grand boulevards, degraded from the condition of a boulevard to that of a common thoroughfare. The late M. B. Madden, when alderman of the Fourth ward, began the attack on Thirty-fifth street, and it has been persistently followed up ever since. It is the logical connecting link between the two boulevards, and nearly everybody who appreciates the eternal fitness of things turns his horse, vehicle or wheel from Michigan boulevard at Thirty-fifth street in order, by that route, to reach Grand boulevard, the stateliest driveway in the world. But the green-eyed monster is rampant on Michigan boulevard, south of Thirty-fifth street, and particularly in the section lying between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-seventh streets. Certain rich and cunning property holders on Michigan boulevard and the last named street are rapaciously anxious to degrade Thirty-fifth street, in order that Thirty-seventh street may be boulevarded, thus cutting off from all boulevard privileges the two magnificent blocks situated on Grand boulevard, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-seventh streets. The houses in that section are mainly occupied by prominent citizens who built there in good faith, without ever anticipating that what was a boulevard then was to be reduced to a kind of appendix, or tail to a blind intestine of the boulevard system, a few years later.

Although in the Madden ordinance, it is specially provided that when Thirty-fifth street is vacated, the new boulevard must be north of it—Twenty-ninth street or Thirty-third street and South Park avenue—we have good ground for asserting that a well developed design, of which the South Park commissioners are cognizant, exists to boulevard Thirty-seventh street instead. This would be a gross and damable outrage on the residents in the northern end of Grand boulevard—a violation of faith, justice and common decency, and any public official who might lend himself to such a scheme would be unfit to be classed among honest men. Such an outrage would be bitterly resented by the citizens whose property rights are thus threatened, and nothing would be left undone to prevent its consummation.

We find in the Chronicle of last Thursday morning, the following article headed "Thirty-fifth Street."

Laid out with almost unbroken regularity, Chicago, in the subdivision of its original mile square, as of the additions thereto made from time to time, counts about twelve squares to the mile, and as in time population has been pretty evenly divided, streets known as section and half section streets have invariably become of business importance.

In 1879 the South Park commissioners, under the authority of the legislature and the common council, took into the boulevard system Michigan avenue, and in order that a connection might be made with Grand boulevard they took for boulevard purposes Thirty-fifth street, lying between these two thoroughfares. Thirty-fifth street is a half section line, but in that early day it had not developed fully as a business street, though that would manifestly be its future. It is now nothing but a business street. An attempt is made to exclude traffic on the theory that it is a boulevard, but the ordinance is necessarily construed liberally. For a pleasure driveway the street is not desirable. It has neither lawns nor trees, but, as it is occupied by the South Park commissioners, a perfectly reasonable plan to connect the lake shore with the westerly limits along a half-section line for purposes of street car transportation is prevented. A costly inconvenience is created, for which there is no compensation at all, in the use of the street as a pleasure driveway.

Property holders abutting on Thirty-fifth street anywhere between the lake and Kedzie avenue, a distance of five miles, are thwarted in their desire for direct street car connection by this quarter of a mile of occupancy by the South Park commissioners. The legislature has authorized the commissioners to vacate the street, and public convenience will be consulted by their doing so.

Nobody pretends that Thirty-fifth street is a beautiful thoroughfare—everything possible has been done by absentee property holders and others to prevent its becoming so. It is now "a business street"—remarkable for miserable buildings, put up as rent catchers to enable the "land poor," or stingy, absentee proprietors to pay the taxes on property that would, otherwise be entirely unproductive. The street is useful as a connecting link—a most convenient connecting link—in a great system. The proposed trolley line is not a public necessity, and the demand for it is entirely artificial, as all such "demands" are when engineered by street railway companies through their corrupt and unscrupulous agents. Of course they will exclaim "Oh!" and ask for proofs. We cannot furnish all the proofs—the rogues are too "cute" to leave their trail legible—but we believe they are as corrupt as the devil himself, and we know that, in securing the consent of property holders to give them their frontage, they have not hesitated at the use of money. This can be proven by any number of credible witnesses. In fact the loud smelling corruptionism of a street railway agent is as manifest in his immediate vicinity as is the stench that proclaims the neighborhood of a dead rat.

If business streets in Paris are boulevarded, as we know they are, we see no good reason why Chicago should object to the same conditions. There is nothing to hinder Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third or Thirty-seventh streets from dropping into business in the course of time. It all depends on the manner in which the railway companies, the South Park commissioners and the aldermen may look upon them. It is nonsense to say that Thirty-fifth street should not be a boulevard simply because some business is transacted on it. What Grand boulevard really needs to protect its interests is an able an honest resident, like Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, to represent its interests on the South Park board. When new appointments are to be made, we hope the Circuit Court judges will give Grand boulevard a representation. The interests of Michigan and Drexel boulevards and Thirty-seventh street, are well represented on the Board already, and, accordingly, are not menaced. Justice is mighty and should prevail, even in Chicago.

THE COMING BOER WAR.

England is quietly massing her forces in South Africa, without kind intent toward Oom Paul, although he has decided to jubilate—more fool he—on the Queen of England's coronation anniversary. But everybody knows the jubilation will be insincere, and that Oom Paul puts more trust in Boer rifles than jubilee pœans in his dealings with England. The Boers, in fact, are the modern Spartans, and Majuba Hill is their Thermopylæ, with the advantage, too, that the "pass" has not been "sold" as in the case of its Grecian prototype. They have so often compelled the English, including Dr. Jameson's "outfit," to surrender that it is a common belief among those brave people that the English flag is white. England knows they are a hard nut to crack and will carefully prepare before she attacks them. A military correspondent, writing to the Daily Independent (Dublin) says:

"I have just seen a general who took part in the former Boer campaign, and who will probably go to the front when war is declared. The general is of the opinion that at least 50,000 to 60,000 men would be required to fight the Boers, and he considers that to send fewer men would be to court disaster. At this season the cavalry, artillery and transport branches would be practically unable to find fodder for their horses. The Transvaal is intersected with rivers, and the first move of the Boers will be to blow up the bridges. The rivers would then be impassible, as the beds are always at this season filled up with rushing torrents, and the fords are destroyed. The Boers have now as many as fourteen batteries of artillery, batteries of parapet and mounted maxims, and a large number of fortress guns. These are the latest pattern Kruppa. In addition they have an almost inexhaustible store of small arm ammunition, and for the big guns, time and detonating shells, shrapnel, segment and case. The supply of deadly Martini-Henri rifles, which the Boer knows so well how to use, is far more than sufficient to arm all the commands. A message received recently shows that the Boers are ready for war at any moment, and are prepared for the largest force Great Britain can put into the field. The entire force of the Boers can be assembled within four hours, and can concentrate in a full body at any point in three days.

"Pretoria, which would be the objective point of the English, has been well fortified. The approaches will be mined, and strong earthworks will be thrown up to supplement the permanent forts. Gen. Creagh, in conversation with your correspondent, said the campaign will probably last eighteen months, and will affect not the Transvaal alone, but all South Africa. If the war comes off, all the natives of Matabele, Mashona, Bechuana and other countries will rise and give additional trouble. By embarking in this business, Chamberlain either wants to break up the British empire or humiliate it as it was humiliated after the Majuba slaughter. The Boers are thoroughly on the qui vive, and they are kept well posted on the movements and intentions of the War Office. By the last mail copies of the Boer semi-official Ons Volk came to hand containing the Weekly Independent cartoon and leading article on the situation. I also have reason to understand that in case of an actual outbreak Irishmen and Americans will have something to say in the matter."

CATHOLIC BISHOPS WON'T PRAY FOR "VIC."

In contrast with the conduct of the Walshes, the O'Gradys, the Dalys, the Donnelleys and the Dunns, connected with the Victorian Diamond Jubilee atrocity in this city, how noble is the attitude of the Catholic bishops of Kansas City, Mo., as the following telegram to the Chicago Evening Post, of Tuesday, shows:

"Philip E. Burrough, British vice consul here, is exerting himself to promote a local celebration in honor of Queen Victoria. The vice consul has organized the Kansas City Victoria Diamond Jubilee Association, composed of numerous subjects and ex-subjects of Great Britain, and this association has collected a substantial memorial charity fund, to be distributed on jubilee day. Other features of the celebration, as proposed, will be the offering of prayers for the queen in some of the local churches, and a big public meeting at Fairmount Park. It was desired to secure the participation of the Catholic clergy in these exercises, and with this end in view Consul Burrough and Rev. W. P. George of Westminster Presbyterian church called upon Bishop Hogan and his coadjutor, Bishop Glennon, to request their participation. Moreover, when this request was made the Catholic clergymen were given to understand that $500 of the memorial charity fund would be given to the local Catholic hospital, but the plan fell through. The bishops declined to attend the mass meeting, and they declined to offer prayers for England's queen in their churches.

"Bishop Glennon said to his interviewers: 'I shall order no prayers for England's queen in our churches. More, I shall, if necessary, expressly prohibit such prayers in all churches in this diocese. Our people have no occasion to invoke special blessing on Queen Victoria. As a good woman we admire her; as queen we have no prayers to offer for her.'"

The British vice consul had a vast deal of impudence to approach the Catholic prelates of Kansas City with such a proposal, especially as a money consideration, for "charity" was attached to it. That is the Johnny Bull idea of carrying a point—the use of money. All the money that ever was coined could not buy the principle of Ireland and the Irish in this long struggle for liberty. Ireland has had individual traitors, like every other nation, but the masses of the people have been as true to the spirit of freedom as the needle to the pole. Bishops Hogan and Glennon, as their old Hibernian names indicate, have sprung from the genuine Irish people, and hence they could not be false to the principle of their parent race. We fail, however, to see any reason for Victoria being called "a good woman" by Bishop Glennon. She is nothing of the kind. She's a stingy, spiteful old party, and her relations with one John Brown have never been satisfactorily explained.

EDWARD J. M'PHELIM.

The Tribune of Sunday, June 13, comments editorially on the death of its late gifted art critic and reviewer thus:

"The death of Edward J. McPhelim at Elgin will touch the heart of every person who was privileged to know the man. He possessed a singularly gentle and lovable disposition, which, supplementing rare mental attainments, endeared him to those with whom he came in contact. His life work was pressed into about sixteen years, dating from the time of his arrival in Chicago in 1880. He was attracted at once to the newspaper field, and soon reached the high plane which he was peculiarly fitted to adorn. His tastes ran chiefly to literature, and for many years he devoted all his efforts to book work and dramatic criticism, and in both of these allied spheres he made an enviable reputation. He possessed the poetic instinct to a high degree, and it found constant expression in his prose writings. His exceptional ability won for him a host of admirers who only knew him by his work, but his personal qualities were so replete with genuine human sympathy and interest—qualities no less acceptable than rare—that his number of friends almost equaled an army in extent. To all, whether they had but an acquaintance with his writings or had been admitted to the even greater privilege of personal knowledge of a character so charming, his passing away is a personal loss. To Chicago, to the greater world of letters, it is a deprivation not so severely felt, it may be, but a deprivation none the less."

BOGUS "IRISHMEN OF INFLUENCE."

A local article in the Chicago Tribune of last Sunday, having reference to the Queen of England's Jubilee in Chicago, says:

"Irishmen of influence are taking active part in shaping the work of the association and join hands heartily with their British and American brothers in the double duty of honoring Victoria as a woman and raising funds for the needy sick. The presence of such Gaelic names as Walsh, Daly, Dunn, O'Grady and Donnelley in the lists of committeemen tends to show that their owners have high appreciation of the merit of the occasion, whatever they may think of English rule in Ireland."

Who are the "Irishmen of influence" to whom the Tribune refers? John R. Walsh? Nobody ever saw him at a representative Irish gathering in this city, or elsewhere, nor is he recognized by his own kindred as anything but an Irishman in name. He is, indeed, a citizen of financial influence, and a financier of national importance; he more or less controls certain newspapers in this city, but as to being "an Irishman of influence," in the Irish national, patriotic sense, he has no more recognition among the Irish-American people, locally or nationally, than the ex-British Consul in this city, John Dunn, who is also referred to as "an Irishman of influence." We believe Mr. Dunn is of English birth—at least if he is not he ought to be. J. W. DeCourcey O'Grady (The Queen's O'Grady") is a Canuck banker, with an Irish name, resident in Chicago. He is "a Canuck of influence," but nobody ever heard of the man in connection with Irish affairs. R. R. Donnelley is in the printing business here. He may have been born in Ireland, but, anyhow, he is not known to his putative country-people in this city as "an Irishman of influence" or an Irishman of any description whatever. Daly? Who the devil is Daly? We have never heard of him before. If he is "an Irishman of influence" he had better take his light from under a bushel.

Such are the kind of "Irishmen of influence" who are going to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the aged murderess of their race—the representative of a million and a half of Irish famine assassinations, two millions of Irish evictions, and four millions of an Irish exodus! Dogs who eat their own vomits are decent animals compared with alleged "Irishmen of influence" who would join in the Jubilee of an alien sovereign whose reign has completed the ruin of their people. Let them be anathema! How truly the lines of Scott apply to the wretched beings:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well—
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

But, after all, it is almost waste of time to characterize the few degraded Irish—victims of miseducation, greed or ignorance—who glory in their shame and lick the hand that smote down their country. They have existed since 1169 to the present hour—few in number, but, oh, how mischievous! What use the enemy has made of their recreancy! —those Irish slaves marching, naked and unabashed, garlanding their chains, in the British triumph! The dead Irish millions curse them in their graves. The banished millions curse them in their children; and, as surely as God reigns in heaven, His almighty curse will follow them through all eternity.

"THE TRIBUNE'S" GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On Thursday of last week, the Chicago Tribune celebrated the fiftieth anniversary—golden jubilee—of its existence, and came out in truly artistic style, with illuminated cover and 48 pages of first-class reading matter, in which it did not unduly boom its own merits. While THE CITIZEN can never wholly agree with the Tribune on certain burning questions, it cannot, nevertheless, allow the occasion to pass without complimenting the Tribune on its magnificent success, both as a newspaper and a commercial enterprise. Although often severe, and sometimes unjust, it has ever been a clean, high toned organ of public opinion, sound in its Americanism, and, in general, free from the too common vice of flunkeying to royalty and to the foolish social fads of American-born fools, of whom there are plenty in every large city of the Republic. It has always been on the side of human liberty, whether in the South, in Ireland, in Armenia or in Cuba. It has not been always friendly to Irish-Americans who seek for public office, and has done much to estrange the Irish followers of the late James G. Blaine from the party of which he was the brightest champion, by occasional lapses into Knownothingism. But these are merely "spots upon the sun." Taken as a whole, the Tribune is a splendid journal and has a widespread influence for good. The most sensitive of subscribers can always read it without fear of being shocked by any approach to indelicacy. In this respect it is, as it has ever been, a model newspaper. It is not necessary to refer to its editorial ability. The name of its editor-in-chief, the Hon. Joseph Medill, is as well known in the journalistic world as that of the late Horace Greeley or the living James Gordon Bennett. At the same time, we wish Mr. Medill would give a new set of brains to the canting scribe who editorialized on the Victorian jubilee in last Sunday's issue of the Tribune. That was one of the Tribune's comparatively few dspartures from the path of rectitude and common sense.

ENGLAND'S VULNERABLE "BREAD BASKET."

The "bread basket" problem, in the event of a foreign war, is at present disturbing the tranquility of some of the British political savants. Some of the latter seem to have a baseless belief that this country would stand by England—her only enemy—against the other nations of the world, who are her friends. Writing of this phase of the question, the Irish Daily Independent, of May 22, says:

This notion that the United States States would rescue England from starvation at the hands of Russia and France is based upon the theory that she should be impelled thereto—first, by prepossessions of kinship, and, secondly, by motives of self-interest. So far as sentimental considerations are concerned, the hypothesis should be dismissed as a delusion. It is ridiculous to suppose that the insincere, belated and fulsome talk about kindred beyond the sea would lead Americans to co-operate with Englishmen against France, which helped the United States to achieve their independence, or against Russia, which averted foreign intervention in the civil war.. As for the alleged motives of self-interest, it is true that a large part of the exports from the United States consists of breadstuffs sent to England. For that reason, Americans should, doubtless, regret the proclamation by France and Russia of the doctrine making food contraband of war. Not on that account, however, would America lift a finger to relieve England in her extremity. Not ninety days would elapse after the stoppage of 85 per cent. of England's food supplies before the hunger of the British people would compel the British government to sue for peace on any terms.

What a beautiful prospect for the bully among the nations! The whole world now knows that England has her vulnerable point. Achilles was weak in the heel—England is weak in the stomach. Therefore, instead of firing at her heart, a shrewd enemy will aim at her "bread basket."

The London Spectator takes a gloomy view of the outlook, and says, in melancholy mood:

If any power, or, what is more probable, any coalition of powers, ever declares war upon us the whole energy and ability of that power, or that combination, will be devoted to a scheme of invasion, the root idea of which will be that the presence of a foreign army on British soil even for a week will inflict so tremendous a blow upon Great Britain that the defeat and capture of that army would not be an excessive price to pay for the resulting gain. Such an invasion may be most improbable, but when we consider the amount of military capacity which would be directed to devising it, the frequency with which new explosives are discovered and for a time kept secret, and the desperate efforts that would be made to draw off the British fleet, it is rash to believe that it would be impossible for us to lose for forty-eight hours the command of our own waters. Had the Emperor Napoleon accepted Fulton's offer, had Villeneuve succeded in keeping Nelson at a distance without fighting him, had we at the moment of invasion to face a serious internal struggle, Napoleon might have invaded the island and the whole course of history might have been changed.

And the second statement is that the impact produced by an enemy's landing would, even if he were in the end defeated, be far more disastrous than Englishmen have ever realized. The heart of the Empire might suspend its beating. Our world of trading and manufacturing depends for vitality entirely upon the condition of our banking system, and if there were a run for gold, which, to a certain extent, at all events, would be inevitable, that system might temporarily cease to work. It certainly would cease if we were defeated in the first battle on our own soil, and the English certainty, that we should not be defeated, is rather an assumption than a truth proved beyond dispute.

London knows instinctively that, if attacked by a triumphant enemy, it can neither be defended nor fed; that, in fact, its only solid protection would be in victory in the field, and London, if it got out of hand, would be a pandemonium such as only shells could reduce to order. We English despise foreign nations because their capitals are liable to 'excitement,' panic, aimless insurrectionary movement, or revolts like that of the Commune—we are just now abusing poor little Athens, which on the whole behaves well—but we have no experience which justifies our overweening confidence. We have no more idea of what London would be under the influence of terror than of what the solar system would be if the law of gravitation was suspended. All might be, all would be, put right in time, for the national character is sound; there must be six hundred thousand men in the island who have been through the military mill, and the supply of varied capacity is unlimited; but the influence of the Dark Week would be felt all throughout our subsequent history. Just imagine the effect of the telegrams upon India, upon the colonies, upon the whole of the mercantile 'plant' scattered over the earth—of which the mercantile marine is only a part—accessible to the news. The Week would cost us a national debt in money alone, besides its future effect in the destruction of the idea that England is in the world the only inviolable magazine for the storage of universal wealth.

The Edinburgh Review, the Daily Graphic and other publications in Scotland and England, take equally gloomy views of the future. In fact the Graphic scoffs at the notion of the British navy being the superior of the combined fleets of the two next greatest powers, namely France and Russia, considering the immense carrying and colonial trade she would, of necessity, be obliged to defend, thus expending her great naval strength in providing convoys for her unarmed merchantmen. On the other hand, her powerful enemies united, and having but comparatively little in the carrying or colonial line to look after, could concentrate their strength and strike her in a vital point. In dealing with this point the Independent well says:

Nelson religiously believed in the theory that one Englishman was worth three Frenchmen. Englishmen had magnificent qualities as fighters and seamen, and in the days of the wooden walls were the finest sea-dogs afloat. But now the stoker does more work than a boarder of the olden days: a torpedo does the work of three frigates and a cripple can lay a ten-inch gun and sink an enemy as unerringly as could Long Tom Coffin. Science elbows out individual heroism, and a Lascar is as valuable as a pikeman of Drake or a boatswain of Hood.

A CLEAR-SIGHTED ENGLISH EDITOR.

We congratulate the London Globe on its clear insight when dealing with subjects American. In fact we are charmed by its wisdom and frankness. Therefore, we have great pleasure in reproducing here what it recently wrote about "American Hate," thus:

"We have heard so much of late from cultured ambassadors of the brotherhood of England and the United States, that we are apt to forget, as a correspondent in California points out, that cultured Americans are unhappily but few in number, and devoid of political influence. With the exception of this class, a dull distrust, hatred and envy of England pervades every class and nationality in the unwieldy political conglomeration known as the United States. The descendants of the Irish Celt are trained to hate and to seek revenge against England; with them envy is a minor factor and hate is extreme; with the rest, hatred is active on occasion, distrust is constant, and envy often extreme. The English, Scotch and Welsh immigrants have very little part in moulding public opinion; they are comparatively few in number, and after a decade, or after a generation, they succumb to the prevailing influences. And yet sober English business men go on investing in United States securities, until their holdings are something like six hundred millions sterling. English people, says our correspondent, have no idea of the lawlessness and corruption underlying the fair outside of the Republic. The sufferings and wrongs, real or fancied, of the working classes and poor farmers will inevitably goad them to unlawful acts, and there is no strong central authority to check them. All property will suffer, and that held by Englishmen will be the first to be attacked. In England we look upon the people of the States as our cousins, but the next census will probably show that little more than one-quarter of the population is of English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish or Welsh descent, and that the largely preponderating influence is Irish-Celtic in origin and Roman Catholic in religion."

Yes, the English, Scotch and Welsh in this country are very dull when compared with the brilliant Irish. But what else could be expected? Did the British suppose they were to have the earth without dispute? They were so jealous of the Irish in Ireland that they drove them out here bp the million. The Irish increase and multiply in a manner truly amazing. When they intermarry with the "Anglo-Saxons" or "Scotch-Irish"—for they sometimes take pity on the barbarians—the weaker and inferior races become thoroughly Irish in the first generation. This accounts, dear Globe, for the preponderance of the Irish in this country, socially, morally, physically, politically and, we were about to say, financially. Ireland means "Western Land." America is still further west than Ireland, and is, accordingly, often called in Gaelic, Erin Mohr, or "Great Ireland." Of this Great Ireland, New England is a province, and Old England is likely to be, too, unless she quits fooling with the Monroe doctrine.

In the New Ireland Review, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M. P., has an article on "The Spoiling of Ireland," in the course of which he says: "Nothing meaner and more discreditable in the long course of England's deluding of Ireland is to be found than the deliberate policy by which the pledges given the weaker country in 1800 and in 1816 were openly violated. They were violated in the letter, in the spirit and in detail. Not even the minor provisions of the act of 1816 for the appointment of officers for the supervision of Irish finance were small enough to escape England's repudiation. And when we are told that both the Act of Union and the Act of Consolidation are acts of English generosity toward our unfortunate country, we can at least remember that under the former we were saddled with over £112,000,000 of Eng

land's debts; that we paid England's friends in Ireland £68,000,000 of salaries; that out of our poverty we subscribed £107,000,000 to build up England's empire; that under the latter we were made liable for £784,000,000 more of England's owing, and were treated by her in return to a course of refined and systematic spoliation that her own Commission, which she now repudiates, has shown to be unparalleled in the history of mankind."

DECAY OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

While Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., is writing brilliant "papers" in Harper's about the "big men" of the British house of commons, we find our English democratic contemporary, Reynolds' Newspaper, moralizing editorially on the degeneracy of that parliamentary body, as a whole. Reynolds finds fault with the house of commons, in the first place, for being lazy, and says that the members cannot even be got to attend to their ordinary duties. "If this goes on," queries Reynolds, "what is to be done?" We answer: If you want men to attend to their parliamentary duties, friend Reynolds, pay them a fair salary, as we do, and take the legislative monopoly out of the hands of the aristocrats and the plutocrats, who can afford to work, or rather to idle, for nothing.

But Reynolds' pursues its melancholy view still further, thus:

"We confess we think that, in its present form, the house of commons is largely played out. The old party cries have lost their significance; the Irish party is no longer a great force which can play havoc with a majority; no great debaters lend interest to the proceedings. The kind of persons elected have their own axes to grind rather than any public cause to serve. Above all, the people are in a stupid, dazed, self-satisfied condition, incapable of any heroic exertion, and apparently contented to let things slide. There are at present no great convictions anywhere, the rage for money-making and amusement carries all before it, and serious matters cannot get themselves discussed or even listened to.

"There will doubtless be an awakening from all this deadly and vulgar materialism in course of time. In our judgment some disaster to England, some serious threat, some tremendous complication which shall reveal the terrible blindness of our politicians and the lack of insight and wisdom which has characterized our policy may be needed to wake up the public from their inglorious snoring ease and stir them to action of a kind undreamed of now. But, whether this is so or not, the question will remain as to whether the house of commons can ever again be what it was. There are serious thinkers who believe that the days of parliamentary government are numbered, that the whole system was a middle-class device which has served its day and which must now give way to other methods. It is an undoubted fact that in every country, excepting, perhaps, Belgium, where parliamentary government of the English type has been set up, it has failed. In Italy it is the veriest farce, which will one day be brushed away. In Spain it is also rank imposture. Even in France it is a comparative failure. In the British colonies it is very far from being a success. What reason have we for supposing that in England alone it is eternal? If anything is to be made of the house of commons, if it is to be saved for purposes of social progress, its reform cannot be too soon taken in hand."

While our own Congress is by no means perfect as a legislative machine, it is run on commonsense principles, and the attendance is always fully representative. If it is not, the sergeant-at-arms very quickly compels it, and, although there is much filibustering and "talking against time" there is rarely ever any deliberate shirking of ordinary duty on the part of the great majority of the senators and representatives. The first reform, then, as far as the English commons is concerned, would be to follow our plan, and pay the members. In this way, the working masses of the British people would gradually gain in representation and the aristocratic power would speedily begin to decline. Of course, the aristocratic element will fight payment of members to the last extremity, because the adoption of such a measure would destroy the monopoly they have enjoyed, without interruption, except at the Cromwellian period, since the reign of Edward I.

We have it on excellent authority that Mayor Harrison will not participate in the Queen of England's Diamond Jubilee at the Auditorium or elsewhere. We congratulate his Honor on his good sense.

Gen. Miles, according to the cable, is "highly honored." He is to ride on horseback, just after Queen Victoria's lackeys, in the jubilee procession. As you honor the Yankee name, General, get into the "royal" carriage. Frank Collyer would do it or die in the attempt.

One of our Catholic exchanges, writing on the subject of sectarian schools, says: "Whenever you hear an ignorant and blatant bigot denouncing parochial schools as the greatest menace to the institutions of this country, you may rest assured that he means Catholic parochial schools. Indeed, the aforesaid bigot does not know that there are any parochial schools that are not Catholic. We find, however, in the report of the United States Department of Education for 1894-95 that the Evangelical Lutherans had in operation 3,079 parish schools with 200,000 pupils; the German Evangelicals had 410 schools with 17,911 pupils; the Protestant Episcopalians had 6,860 pupils attending their denominational establishments. Then came the Holland Christian Reformed sect with 19 schools and 2,229 pupils. Another sect called the Reformed Church in America had over 2,000 pupils at school. Of course all the Protestant schools are to be commended because they are 'non-sectarian'; only the Catholic establishments are dangerous and sectarian."

"America" is represented at the Diamond jubilee in London by Col. John Hay, Resident Flunkey-Ambassador; Whitelaw Reid, Special Flunkey-Messenger and Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Military Outrider. McKinley ought to be there himself to hold up old Vic's train.

The Monroe League, of New York, made it hot for the Seventh Regiment band, when it played "God Save the Queen" (of England) in Central Park recently. The Yankee flunkeys are nearly as contemptible as the few Irish spaniels who are joining in the Diamond Jubilee nonsense.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of this State have retired from the Appellate Court bench Judges Gary, Sheppard and Waterman and have appointed in their stead Judges Windes, Adams and Sears of the Circuit Court.

The English, with their "graciousness and "hospitality" have captured Jim O'Donnell Bennett, of the Chicago Journal. Jim ought to sleep off the effects of the British "fascinator" before writing for an American paper. He is really hysterical, and may hug an English policeman, or do something equally rash, if he does not guard his impulse. This Michigander let loose in London, ought to marry a solon goose and thus bring some sense into the family. We always thought, as Tom McNevin said of Smith O'Brien, if we may be allowed to paraphrase, that Jim had "too d—d much of the Bennett and too little of the O'Donnell" about him.

Since Galtee Boy won the English Derby the price of Irish horse flesh has risen in the British market. The Irish horse has since won "The Prince of Wales sweepstakes."

St. Gaudens, the eminent sculptor, was born in Dublin, and his mother's name was McGuinness.

Some practical joker has cabled from London that Queen Vic wept recently when she heard the "Wearing of the Green" played by an Irish girl. The old woman is growing deaf, and may have mistaken it for "John Brown's Body."

It is now said that Victoria is "very fond" of Quinn, the Scotland Yard inspector, who is supposed to look after her personal safety. It's the first time we've ever heard of her being "soft" on an Irishman. In her younger days, Vic's taste ran entirely to the Scotch. "It's never too late to mend."

Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of mackerel netted last autumn, the Irish waters seem to be literally living with fish this season, with the result that prices have fallen very much indeed. One day last week, for instance, two Skibbereen boats made a haul of 19,000 and 11,000 respectively, while three Lowestoft had 24,000 among them and three French boats 91,000. It is rather a strange thing to find the fishermen engaged in this industry complaining of overabundance, but such is the case, the markets having become hopelessly glutted. And still mackerel are anything but cheap in Dublin and its vicinity—Irish Ex.

There is only one spot in Ireland where the Larligue, or single rail, system of railway is to be found, and that is in the County of Kerry. It connects Listowel with Ballybunion, and is only nine and a quarter miles in length. The novelty of this sort of railway has proved very attractive in that remote district, and since its construction Ballybunion has gradually grown into a charming and much frequented little watering place, still possessing a good deal of its primitive wildness and unconventionality. Ballybunion is chiefly famous for its cliffs and caves. The cliffs immediately contiguous to the bay extend in numerous intricate passes through which a boat may pass, for a considerable distance parallel with the coast, without entering the open sea. The peculiarity of the Lartigue system of railway is, of course, that the engine and carriages run along a single rail, supported by iron tressels three and a half feet high, kept in position by side rails resting on the ground. The compartments at either side of the rail are distinct, and are entered from the sides.—Reynolds'.

"My Mother was so badly afflicted with salt rheum that she could not do any work. It appeared on her hands and arms. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she was entirely relieved."—Essie M. Maplestone, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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OBITUARY.

MRS. WITT K. COCHRANE.

Mrs. Witt K. Cochrane, of St. Paul, Minn., formerly Miss Nannie Foley, of this city, whose funeral obsequies were observed at the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Saturday, June 12, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foley, so well and favorably known in Chicago. Mrs. Cochrane's death occurred in St. Paul. The remains were brought here for interment.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Swanson kindly requested the bereaved husband and parents to have the remains lie at rest in their home, No. 176 North State street, where friends might visit and pay their last respects to the loved one. The request was gratefully assented to. The house was made a bower of roses by loving friends of the deceased both in St. Paul and Chicago. The young bride was beautiful in death and seemed "as if she were sleeping with pleasant dreams."

So gentle and amiable was she in disposition and nature, that the words of the poet might well have been written of her:

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Rev. Fathers Finley, Dore and Scanlan officiated. Father Dore paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory and character of the deceased, bringing tears of love and sorrow from many eyes. The funeral was by carriages to Calvary cemetery. Among the mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Foley, parents, and Mr. Witt K. Cochrane, husband of the deceased; Mrs. Cochrane, of Toledo, Ohio, mother of the bereaved husband; Mrs. Humphrey J. Moynahan, Mrs. A. C. Swanson, Mrs. Frank Sweeney, Miss Jennie Henagan, Messrs. Thomas P. Foley, brother of the deceased; Andrew, John R. and Francis Moynahan, Wm. A. Taylor, J. Harry Ballard, Henry Rhines, John Dillon, Con T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Simon J. Forhan.

The pall-bearers were A. C. Swanson, P. A. Conne, Charles J. E. Parker, William Mullin, Alf. Parker, George Parker, Clarence Greene and Charles Mathews.

Her last resting place was made a "mound of flowers." She was buried as she had lived—in sweetness and purity. S. J. F.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Sarsfield Council.

The next regular meeting of the Sarsfield council, of the Irish National Alliance, will be held next Thursday night, June 24, in Congress hall, Honore and Congress streets. All persons of Irish birth or extraction are invited to attend. A good programme has been arranged and prominent speakers and members will address the meeting. Don't fail to attend.

Liberty Council.

Friday night, June 11, at Dougherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth street, the above named council was organized, and the following officers were duly elected: John H. Barry, president; Michael Heany, vice-president; Edward J. Rice, recording secretary; Thos. J. Condon, secretary. Council meets every third Friday in each month.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and billiousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Tadhg na g-con agus Seamrog na geolthre geluas.

(LEANTA.)

Bhi gadhar cumasach aige dár bh'ainm Bran, agus bhi ins an geeanntar gadhar mór crutamhail eile fuair mar ainm Buan. Do shuidheadh gach gádhar acu i n-áirde ar chlaidhe ós cómhair tighe a mhaighistir gach aon oidhche bhreaghdha, agus do bhidis ag amhastraigh agus ag caoineadh agus ag freagairt a chéile go sir-cheolmhar. Aon oidhche bhroaghdha spéirghealaighe amháin, chuaidh Tadhg amach timchioll aimsire collata chum gabhála féir do bhuaint dá chapall i gceann fheasainn an ghuirt. Chuala sé an dá ghadhar ag amhastraigh gach ré huair, cidh go rabhadar leathmhile ó chéile, acht nior chuir sé suim 'na nglór. Ni táisge thóg sé an punann féir ná thuig sé go soiléir an combradh so leanas eatorro:

Buan: Cumáin ná buaileann tá anail, ó's fáda ná rabhais anuso aon oidhche.

Bran: Ni raghad, óir an oidhche dheireannach do bhios thall, chaith an buachaill aimsire cleith allpin a bhi aige liom, agus dóbair go mbrisfeadh sé mo chos tosaigh.

Buan: Tá an buachaill sin imthighthe, agus is beag an bron atá ar dhuine ná ar alamhidhe 'na dhiaidh.

Bran: Dá mbéidheadh muintir do thighe-se go leir chomh fial chomh fáilteach agus tá mo mhaighistir-se, budh mhóide an rath a bhéidheadh orra, agus ni bhéidheadh gadhair na gcomhursan ag marbhadh a gcuid caorach.

Buan: Is fior duit sin, acht tá ságal nios measa le haithris fós. Ar chualaidhis go bhfuil ioc le cur ar mhadraidhibh na h-Eireann ag an bh-Fels n-Gall?

Bran: Do chuala é sin. Tá anghráin ag Tadhg ar Chlannaibh Gall, agus is minic thrácht-ann sé thar a ngniomharthaibh.

Buan: Ni biongnadh sin, do réir mar chloisim.

Bran: Is beoghlach go gcuirfear chum báis urmhór ar gcinidh. Mo shlán leis an seanaimsir, 'nuair bhéidheadh cion agus gradam ar mhadraidhibh ag iseal agus ag uasal ar fuaid na h-Eireann!

Leis sin do chaith Tadhg an feur faoi cheann an chapaill, agus ni táisge dhein ná ba ghlór do-thuigseach dó combráidh na gcon.

Do chrom sé síos go tapaidh agus thóg an feur 'na bhacalainn ar ais, acht bhi sé deidheanach, mar d'ith an capall seamróg na geolthre geluas de'n chead bhéal-ig. Ni bhfuair sé ceann eile as sin amach, acht ba mhóide a chíon ar Bhran ó'n oidhche sin gur sgar an bás iad.

—Diarmid Ua Foghlusa in *Dublin Gaelic Journal*.

(Crioch.)

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS' PICNIC.

The twenty-second annual grand military picnic of the First and Second battalions Clan-na-Gael Guards will be held at Oswald's Grove, Halsted and Fifty-second streets, Sunday, July 4, 1897. Sealed bids for bar privileges will be received and acted upon Monday, June 21, at 8 p. m., at 81 Clark street, room 10. All bids to be accompanied with half the amount of bid in cash or certified check, the committee reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

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ESTATE OF JOHN McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1897, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 17, 1897.

DANIEL McCORMICK, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

22d Annual Military Picnic

AND MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL,

Given by the

First and Second Battalion

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

AT

OSWALD'S GROVE

Fifty-Second and South Halsted-Sts.,

SUNDAY, JULY 4.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME:

1—100 yards dash, open; prize, Gold Medal. 2—100 yards dash, confined to Clan-na-Gael Guards; Gold Medal. 3—100 yards dash, Seventh Regiment, I. N. G.; Gold Medal. 4—100 yards dash, Ladies' Race; Silk Parasol. 5—Running Broad Jump; Gold Medal. 6—Running Hop, Step and Jump; Gold Medal. 7—Throwing 56-lb weight between the legs without follow; Gold Medal. 8—Great Challenge Tug-of-War contest, employes of Fortune's Brewing Co. vs. Gaelic Athletic Association team; prize, a case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Jerry Walsh.

An Exhibition Extended Order of Drill will be given by the non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Infantry, I. N. G., under Sergt.-Maj. James Kelly, at 6 p. m.

EVENING PROGRAMME;

SPEAKERS: JOHN T. KEATING, President United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County and State President A. O. H. of Illinois; HON. MILES J. DEVINE; Chairman, REV. D. J. CRIMMINS.

Separate platform for Reel and Jig dancing, and regular dancing platform. Accommodation for 8,000 people. Gates open at Noon and close at Midnight.

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A VOYAGE AT DUSK.

From Lapland to Napland the way is not long,
And the anchor we lift to a lullaby song.
And the rhyme of our music goes ringing away
To shores that lie over the luminous bay.
A moment we linger and drift with the tide,
Then out of our gay little harbor we glide.
Our cargo is snug and our sailors are here.
We are rocking away on our journey, my dear.

From Lapland to Napland the way is not far,
And our vessel we point to a fair ev'ning star,
And go winging along to a haven that lies
In the magical light of my little one's eyes.
For our sails are unfurled, and the breezes are fair,
And the name of our ship is the Rockaby Chair.
O'er the billows it rides, and its rhythmical swing
Is an answering lilt to the song that we sing.

From Lapland to Napland the way is not cold.
There are shelter and warmth in the arms that infold,
And the weary one finds on the welcoming breast
A harbor of peace and a haven of rest.
From Lapland to Napland the journey is past,
And the Rockaby vessel is anchored at last,
And the song that we murmur grows fainter and dies
On the pillows of down where my little one lies.
—Albert B. Paine in Youth's Companion.

WAKALONA.

The old engineer and I had dragged our chairs round to the south side of the hospital and were enjoying as well as the weak and wounded could be expected to enjoy the mountain air and the morning. June was in the mountains, but the snow was still heavy on the high peaks. The yellow river, soiled by the Leadville smelters, and still freighted with floating mush ice, splashed by on its way to Pueblo and the terre caliente. The little gray, glad faced surgeon came along presently and told Frank that he might go home on Saturday, and that made the old engineer, usually a little mite cranky and irritable, as happy as a boy about to be loosed from school.

"Say, Frank," I began, "have you ever known an Indian girl who could by any stretch of imagination be considered handsome?"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, placing his well foot on top of the railing and frowning from mere force of habit. "We were at North Platte at the time, that being the end of the track, and there I knew a Pawnee maiden who was really good to look upon. I never knew her name. We called her Walk Alone at first, because she seemed never to mix up with the other squaws, but when Slide McAlaster, the head brakeman on the construction train, began to make love to her he named her Wakalona, which he thought a more fitting title, inasmuch as she had already been called by Colonel Cody the Princess of the Platte.

"Wakalona's father, Red Fox, was one of the bravest of the Pawnee scouts, and his daughter was naturally something of a belle among her people. She was tall, tawny, graceful, willowy and wild. It was a long time before Slide, big, blond and handsome as he was, could gain the confidence of the stately princess. It was months before she would allow him to walk with her, and even then the feathered head of a jealous buck could always be seen peeping from the high grass and keeping constant watch over the girl.

"Wakalona, like the other women, worked in the fields when there were any fields to be worked and at other times made herself useful about her father's tent. Her mother was dead. She was the only child her father had, and he was very proud of her. In a battle between the Sioux and the Pawnees, near Ogalalla, the Sioux had captured Wakalona, and her father and Buffalo Bill had rescued her almost miraculously from four of their foemen, three of whom they had slain. After that the Sioux had marked Red Fox and his daughter as their own, and many lures had been set to ensnare them.

"At North Platte Red Fox had planted a little field of corn, and it was here, when the sun was low, that Slide used to woo the dark eyed Princess of the Platte. I used to watch her working in the field, and when we whistled she would always pause in her labors and look up to make sure that it was the whistle of No. 49, although she never looked up for the whistle of any other engine. I think, as she began to lose her heart to McAlaster, that she came to know the sound even of the bell and the rattle of the spring hangers on the old work engine. Jim was McAlaster's real name. We called him Slide because he could never set a brake if he used both hands without twisting it up so tight that the wheels would slide, so marvelously strong were his long, sinewy arms. When we were coming into the Platte on a summer's evening, Slide used to jump off the engine, where he always rode, open the switch, close it behind the caboose and then stroll over into the little cornfield where Wakalona worked.

"Now, she always knew he was coming, but, like her white sisters, she liked to play that she didn't, and when he would steal up behind her and catch her in his arms (if no one was looking) she would start and shudder as naturally as a country schoolma'am.

"We went in the ditch one day, Slide had his ankle sprained and was obliged to ride in that evening in the caboose. I whistled as usual for the station, and in the twilight saw the Indian girl still working in the field and waiting for the sweet surprise for which she had learned to wait. As we pulled in over the switches I glanced out into the field again, feeling sorry for Slide and for his sweetheart as well, but now she was nowhere to be seen. When we had made the big brakeman comfortable in the hospital tent, he signaled me ahead, and when I bent over him he pulled me down and whispered 'Wakalona,' and I knew what he meant. I found her father and told him that the brakeman had been hurt and asked him to allow his daughter to see the sufferer in the surgeon's tent. Red Fox was much surprised. We had been an hour late coming in that evening. It was now dark, and Wakalona had not been seen by any of her people since the setting of the sun. I told the warrior that I had seen her working in the field as we were nearing the station, and how, when I looked again a moment later, she was gone.

"With a start the brave chieftain threw up his hands, and then, controlling himself with a great effort, he signed to me and I followed him out into the field. The Indian put his face close to the ground, and when he straightened up he looked all about him and said, 'Sioux.' I brought a white light from the locomotive, and by the light of it the wily Indian made out that two of the hated tribe had slipped up behind the helpless girl and seized her and carried her away. Presently he brought a blade of corn to me, and upon it there was a tiny drop of blood, and yet he insisted that his daughter had not been killed. Later he assured me that she had not been carried, but had walked away, taking a different direction from that taken by the Sioux. Now I saw it all. She had heard our whistle, and while she waited for her lover the pantherlike Sioux had stolen upon her.

"What mental anguish must have been hers when she realized that, instead of the protecting arms of her fair god, the arms of murderers were around her! Love, like the locomotive, is a great civilizer. Wakalona had tasted the joy of love, and life had become dear to her. The past to her was veiled in dark mystery, the future was little better, but already she had begun to feel that beyond it all there must be a brighter and better world. Once she had asked McAlaster about the future, and he, touched by the earnestness of her nature, had told her in his own way a story his mother had told to him many a time—the story of the Christ. 'Think of a big, awkward clown like me,' said Slide, 'trying to unravel the mysteries of the future—trying to convert this white souled woman who, without knowing it, has been the means of making me a better man.'

"I've noticed all along, though, that love of a good woman always makes a man gentler, braver and better.

"When Red Fox had explained to me that Wakalona had not been killed, but had wandered away, I urged him to call the scouts and search the plains for her, but he shook his head. 'It is true that my child has not been killed,' he said sadly, 'but she is dead. It is true that she still walks the earth, but she is dead to me and to all her people,' and the great brave bowed his head in silent sorrow.

"Then I remembered having heard that an Indian who had lost his scalp was looked upon as one demented or dead, and I knew then what had happened to the Princess Wakalona.

"How best to break the news to poor McAlaster was a question over which I pondered on my way back to the camp. He was strong and sensible. He had seen many a comrade pulled out of a wreck mangled almost beyond recognition. He had been in more than one Indian fight, but he had never lain helpless upon a stretcher and listened to a tale such as I might tell. And while I framed a story of how Wakalona had gone that very day to visit a neighboring camp the poor princess wandered over the prairie. All night she walked the trackless wilds, and when the stars paled she lay down upon the damp earth to sleep. She knew that she was expected to die, that she ought to die, but she shunned death, not from any dread of it, but for the love of life.

"No doubt she fully intended to die, but she would put the thought of it by for a little longer and dream of the pale-faced brave. Ah, he might love her still; who could tell, for the white people were so strange. She slept and doubtless dreamed of the little field, of her father, of the twilight time and of the sweet surprise of her lover's arms about her, and then she started up suddenly, putting her hand to her head, and the recollection of her misfortune made her heart sad, and soon she slept again.

"When she awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. She was hungry and thirsty. The blood had dried, and now she went down to the river to drink and bathe her fevered face. Then she sat by the river for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not.

"She knew that she was counted among the dead by her people, and if she returned to them she would be drowned in this river when the sun went down. Late in the afternoon she came to a little station where there was a lone operator and a water tank. The station agent gave her food and offered her shelter, but she shook her head and asked him where the river lay. The spectacle of a woman wandering about half crazed, half starved and alone was a sad one, and the operator, feeling his own utter loneliness, tried to persuade her to stay. Pointing to the west, she began to chant:

"When the great red sun is half in the sky
And half in the earth, the dead must die.

"Then she bared her bowed head, and he saw the little round spot where the skin had been cut away and understood. This revelation, however, caused the agent to redouble his efforts to save the hapless maiden from herself.

"After much coaxing he succeeded in getting her into his little room in the rear of the telegraph office, where she soon fell asleep. The sun went down and still she slept, and he knew she was safe, at least for another day. The darkness deepened on the desert, the evening wore away, the operator got 'Good night' from the dispatcher at Omaha and fell asleep in his chair. Presently he was awakened by a sound, as of a door closing softly. He stole into the little back room only to learn that his guest had gone. He slipped outside and listened, but save for the doleful cry of a lone wolf the night was voiceless, and he returned to his narrow room.

"Next day, when the sun was falling away in the west, the operator, sitting as his little table, noticed a shadow in the door and looking up beheld the sad face of the Indian maiden gaunter and sorrier than before. Again he gave her food, and from his medicine chest, which in those days was furnished to all agents and conductors by the company, he brought medicated bandages, which he bound about her torn ankles, and ointment which he put upon her wounded head. After that she continued to come to him every day to accept a meager meal and at night to steal away and sleep upon the prairie with only the stars above her. At the end of a fortnight she was almost well again. Now the woman that was in her nature caused her to long for some one to whom she might tell her story, in whom she might confide, and she told it, as well as she could, to the agent. He helped her to arrange her hair so as to hide the hateful scar at the top of her head, and persuaded her to return to her people. 'If the white man loved you once, he will love you all the more now and will save you from your people if they try to molest you,' was the agent's encouraging advice, and she determined to return.

"Slide McAlaster's severely sprained ankle had become strong, and he was at work again. The name of Wakalona was never mentioned by the Indians, for to them she was dead. It was never mentioned by the whites when it could be avoided, for no one cared to tell the awful story to the brakeman, and so he lived from day to day, expecting her to come home. His was the only cheerful face in the camp during those two weeks. He was happy in the morning, hoping that the day would bring her back, and happy again at night, for there was one day less of waiting for her return. And she did come back. One night when the rain was pouring down she opened the door of her father's tent and waited to be welcomed home.

"The old scout was pacing his tent, for he had not ceased to grieve for his daughter, but now that she had returned to him, as one from the grave, her coming served only to augment his misery. At sight of her he had taken a step or two toward the tent door, and then, pausing to look upon her for the last time, his face grew grave as he pointed a long arm down the darkness. In a hoarse voice he uttered those ominous words, 'The shadows lie upon the shore—to the river be gone.' With a despairing look the princess turned back into the rain swept night, and now a new danger confronted her. The guards had seen her at the tent door, by the dim light of a grease lamp, and now they seized and bound her. Her father had left to her the one chance of flight; the guards had shown less pity, and while she sat, bound and guarded, in a dimly lighted tent, her lover slept and dreamed of her coming, not 100 yards away. The day dawned grudgingly, the darkness seemed reluctant to leave the earth, the sun remained behind the dark clouds, from which the rain continued to fall in torrents. At noon the rain ceased, the sun came out, meadow larks caroled free in the blue above, but the hapless Wakalona lay fettered in a rain soaked tent. The story of her capture was kept a profound secret, for the Indians knew that the United States army officers would interfere if they learned that the princess was to be put to death. In the darkness of their ignorance they believed that they were doing their duty.

"On account of the rain we had not gone out that day, but late in the afternoon an order came from the dispatcher for us to run light to Omaha to bring out a train of steel. As we pulled out over the switches I noticed a great crowd of Pawnees down by the river near the railroad bridge. As we approached we could see that they were waving their hands and putting up weird signals. Now, as the engine, still creeping along, working the water out of her cylinders, neared the bridge, McAlaster suddenly cried, 'Wakalona!' and leaped from the engine. I stopped the engine, and, looking over, saw Wakalona seated in a canoe, with her head bowed down almost to her knees. A stalwart Pawnee sat in one end of the canoe, holding a single oar, while another Indian, equally well proportioned, sat near the girl, whose feet were fettered and whose hands were bound behind her back. Now the whole band began to chant:

"The shadows lie upon the shore.
The dead shall walk the earth no more.

"The sun sat like a great, red wheel that had sunk hub deep in the sand, and when half the rim was below and half above the earth the second stanza of the death chant arose from the river as the boat was pushed out into the stream:

"When the great red sun is half in the sky
And half in the earth, the dead must die.

"Now for the first time Wakalona lifted her eyes, and she beheld her lover leaping from the shore. A few strokes brought him within reach of the little boat, and he climbed aboard. The Indian at the oar stood up and faced him. The big brakeman swung his long right arm, caught the Pawnee under the ear, and over he went. Reaching down, he lifted the other Indian bodily, turned him half over and with all his might drove him head first into the sand at the bottom of the river.

"While this was going on the little bark was drifting rapidly toward the bridge. McAlaster cut the cord that bound the woman, seized the oar and made the land just below the engine. Lifting the girl in his arms, he ran up the dump, placed her in the caboose, and we were off. As we reached the east end of the bridge I looked back and saw the baffled band swarming in from the west, but even as they ran the sun went down, the death hour had passed and they turned back to their tents."—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

Grant as a Father.

Nellie Grant Sartoris says of President Grant: "My father was one of those men who impress their children with a thorough appreciation of their sterling worth. To me my father is not the soldier he seems to the minds of so many, nor is it as the president of the United States that I think of him. He is and ever will be in my memory only my dear father."

MONTE MEN IN LONDON

A QUAINT NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH CARD SHARPS.

Away Back In 1855 the Three Card Trick Was Played—The Now Well Known Method of Snaring a Victim—The Familiar Trick of Turning Up a Corner.

Three card monte is not a recent invention of the card player by any means. Back in the early fifties it evidently flourished in the English capital, as the following letter to the Brooklyn Eagle suggests. The communication comes from William Day, who had an experience with card sharpers in London in 1855. After slumbering for many a long year the details come with a flavor of the old days in their quaint narration:

One day in the year 1855 I was standing at the corner of Great Holland street and Blackfriars' road, London. I had not even a single acquaintance in the city and very little money, and as I was thinking where I could go next so it would cost nothing a plainly dressed man spoke to me. He said: "Can you tell me the way to St. James' park? I am a stranger in London. In fact, I was left some money down in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, and as I intend to go to Australia I thought I would like to see something of London on my way there." I said: "I have nothing to do. I'll show you the way to St. James' park." He appeared quite grateful. I said, "We must go along the new cut," certainly one of the poorest streets in London, though it appears to be always full of people. So we went along, but I noticed when there was a crowd he went ahead and pushed through the crowd. I thought to myself, "You are not like the country men that stand aside waiting for the crowd to go by."

When we got to the corner of the Waterloo Bridge road, he asked me to take a glass of bitters. So we entered the gin palace, and there we met a well dressed young lady. The stranger asked her to take a bitter. She said she would prefer gin. We took ale. I noticed she had a well filled satchel, and when she opened it to take her handkerchief out I noticed it was bulged out with rolls of old newspapers. We then went out and walked to the Westminster Bridge road. I said to him: "Here we are now. Go over this bridge, pass the houses of parliament and Westminster abbey, turn to the right up Parliament street and there you are at the Horse Guards entrance to the park." He said: "I am much obliged to you for your trouble. Take a glass before you leave."

While we were drinking he said: "I have a friend here, but I have lost him in this great city. He is stopping opposite some large theater, but I cannot think of its name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name." I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned "Victoria" he cried, "Why, that is it." I said: "We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you there."

I took the man around to the theater. He said, "There is the very place where he is stopping." Taking me across the road, he said, "Wait one moment." Then he ran up the stairs, bringing his friend back with him, and they insisted that I must go up. So we all three went upstairs into a room. I remember the room well; half a dozen chairs and two tables. The friend ordered ale, and while we were sitting talking an old man, a peddler, came in the room and, taking some things out of his basket, said, "Gentlemen, I would like to sell you a pair of razors cheap—only two bob and a tanner." The friend cried: "I never saw such a place as London is for peddlers. Gentlemen cannot hold a private conversation but they are intruded on by some one to sell something."

The old peddler answered: "I am a poor man trying to make an honest living. Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I will do. We will play for the razors. I'll put up the pair of razors against your two and six. Here are the cards." He said: "Here are three cards, one court and two plain cards. Now, can any gentleman show me where the court card is?" The two friends argued about it and then decided, after playing a few times and passing sovereigns or yellow boys between them. The peddler set the cards out once more. Then the peddler dropped a dirty handkerchief on the floor, and in trying to find it put his head below the table. One of the friends instantly found the court card, showed it to me, turned up the corner and laid it back in its place, after winking at me. Just then the peddler lifted his head above the table and said, "Can any gentleman tell where the court card is?"

The two friends argued it and at last appealed to me. One said it was one card, and the other said it was another. I said, "Gentlemen, I am not betting, but I think I know the court card," for certainly there the court card lay, with the corner turned up. The friend said, "I will bet you a sovereign you cannot pick it up." I said, "I tell you I do not bet." The other friend said, "I don't believe the fellow has a mag." The other one said to me, "You have not got a sovereign, and I don't think you have a bob."

I found it was getting warm, and, as I sat near the door, I arose and said, "Gentlemen, I must be going." Then I went down the stairs, treading loudly. Then I crept up, opened the door about an inch and saw all three with their heads together and in deep conversation. I cried, "Gentlemen, that is not the first time I have seen three card monte."

A Man of Nerve.

"Man of nerve!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say he was!"

"Has he ever done anything to show it?"

"Done anything! Say, that man has a standing offer to umpire amateur baseball games to a finish."—Chicago Post.

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A FOSSIL SEA SERPENT.

Remains of an Ancient Saurian Found In Colorado.

The University of Denver has a very interesting fossil. It is an ancient reptile. The parts preserved are in an almost complete vertebral column, about 16 feet long and containing 90 vertebræ, portions of the head and a few of the arm bones. Several teeth are in almost perfect condition. Nearly all the bones are well petrified, but some retain a half bony structure. Professor Lee of the university thus writes about it:

"The specimen is a gift to the university from John Keegan of Flagler. The manner in which it was found is interesting. One day a Mexican herdsman rode into Flagler and reported that his horse stumbled and fell over a long string of bones. The man picked up one of the bones and was surprised to find it heavy as stone. He carried a piece to the town, and Mr. Keegan saw that the bones might be of scientific interest. He drove to the place and found about 12 feet of the vertebral column lying on the ground, as it had lain through countless thousands of years. There it had been left when the rock decayed from around it. About four feet of the tail was still imbedded in the solid rock. This was carefully dug out and the whole skeleton preserved by Mr. Keegan, who sent it to the university, where his son became interested in the study of geology.

"Mr. Keegan reports that while the specimen was in his possession it was examined by several geologists. From them we learn that the bones are from the uppermost cretaceous formation of that region. The place of preservation was so near the division between cretaceous and tertiary rock that they could not determine the age definitely. Further study, however, shows that the reptile is a cretaceous form.

"During cretaceous time not only the greater part of Colorado, but the greater part of the western half of the continent, was a shallow sea, dotted here and there with islands. The age of reptiles was nearing its close. Those clumsy, overgrown monsters which we are familiar with as inhabitants of the Denver region had reached their culmination and were ready to pass out of existence forever as soon as the new conditions were inaugurated at the end of the age. Among these reptile forms we find the ancestors of the modern serpents. During the cretaceous period the seas were inhabited by long, snakelike reptiles called by Cope pythonamorpha, or mosasauria. He gives three genera—clidastes, platecarpus and messaurus. It is in one of these genera of sea serpents that our monster must be placed. It is difficult to locate it definitely, because so many of the characteristic parts are destroyed.

"I sent some of the bones to the department of the national geological survey at Washington and received word that 'the specimen is probably a clidastes, although the jaw is more massive and the teeth are more compressed than in the only specimens we have. I think that you probably have one of the most complete vertebral columns of this group of marine reptiles in existence. The tail is particularly fine and gives me a much better impression of the depth and compression of this part of the body.' After careful examination of the published descriptions I was led to the opinion that the species has not been described heretofore.

"If one can imagine a long, slender reptile, sometimes 70 feet in length, not quite as slender as the modern serpent, and having two pairs of short, paddle-like feet, one will have a fairly good idea of this class of reptiles. They were great sea serpents and were covered with bony scales, as Professor Marsh has shown. I have referred to them as the ancestors of snakes. The form of the body was very snakelike, and the long jaw shows a mechanism similar to that of serpents which makes it possible to swallow the food whole. Their habits seem to have been serpentlike, and they lived during the age immediately preceding the introduction of true snakes. It is an easy step from an animallike clidastes to the modern serpent. Just drop off his limbs or make them rudimentary and make the body a little more slender and the change is complete."—Denver Republican.

Hugo's House.

His house was constructed after the fashion of his library and of his genius, with much of grandeur and majesty in the whole, many brilliant beauties, many gaps and some small things in detail. It was above all composite. As in his books, he reconstructed in his house everything he made use of. Being furnished and decorated while he was composing "The Legend of the Centuries," it resembled these poems. The Old and the New Testaments had their place there; the Gothic dominated; the sixteenth and following centuries down to the revolution are represented. Guernsey had for a long time been the resort of pirates and smugglers, so old riches abounded in the houses of Saint Pierre-Port. In hunting for them Victor Hugo laid his hands upon some marvels. What he did not find in the two islands he had bought elsewhere, especially in Holland. He rarely left the furniture and the curios as he found them. He demolished them to put them together anew, making mantel pieces out of strong boxes, bed canopies out of altar hangings, chimney pieces out of church stalls and chandeliers out of altar candlesticks, imagining and combining things still more beautiful with elements magnificent in themselves. Being an excellent designer and a laborious and skillful workman, he wielded the tools with his own hands.—Gustave Larroumet in Chautauquan.

OLD HATS ON MANY HEADS.

Where the Discarded Headgear of the Average Citizen Finds Its Fate.

What becomes of the old hats? The "stovepipes," derbies, fedoras, soft hats and straw hats of various kinds—where do they go when discarded by their owners? Every time a man buys a new hat he has the old one wrapped up, and either stowed away in the hat store for safe keeping or sent to him at his office or residence. As a rule he says, "Wrap it up, and I'll call for it in a day or two."

The hatter wraps it up, marks it with the customer's name, puts it away and waits. On the largest mirror in the hat store is a banner with a strange device on it informing the public that "we are not responsible for hats left with us over 30 days." In the store they keep a book, and when Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson leaves his old "lid" a note is made of it and duly entered on this book.

After 50 or 60 days have elapsed a general clearing out of the old hats is made, and they go to the secondhand stores along South Clark street, to the costumers' palaces, to the country stores sometimes, all to be cleaned, felined and furbished up the best way possible. It is thus possible for a man to be stopped on some chilly evening and asked to assist some unfortunate who is wearing one of his old hats. These old hats are sometimes sent to the theaters to be used as headgear for "the rabble" or "an angry mob" or "a group of Roman citizens." Drivers of coal wagons, transfer wagons and teamsters generally who want a hat for outdoor use buy a great many of these castaways. The soft hats can be made over most effectually, but a stiff hat remodeled and dyed has an ancient luster that does not deceive the intelligent.

Country stores sometimes take an invoice of these veterans, and the result is a weird exhibition of headgear by the sages of the cracker barrels and hitching blocks.

A stiff hat once broken can with difficulty be patched up acceptably, but a soft hat may be worked over many times and still be marketable. Laborers generally wear soft hats, although a few sport derbies, and many a once proud, stylish hat may be seen during the usual Chicago street cleaning days perched on the cranium of some stalwart wielder of the shovel and pick.

The peddlers buy the old hats. The milkmen, the sailors, rivermen, laborers and that most shifting army of human odds and ends which form such an item in the city's population—these are the men to whom the vast bulk of the old hats go. Hats that have glistened with newness and glossy nap, once started on the downward path, go lower and lower till the ash heap in the alley or the oblivion of an empty lot marks their final degradation.—Chicago Chronicle.

GRANT IN DISGUISE.

A Reconnoissance on the Quiet Which Took the Boys by Storm.

"One day at Chattanooga," says one of the soldier boys writing in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "a lot of us were loading hard tack and bacon into a wagon train that was to be sent to half starving men, and were giving more attention to badgering each other than to the work in hand, when a lame man in fatigue dress, walking with some difficulty with the assistance of a cane, passed along the high porch of the quartermaster's shed and looked down at the boys for a minute or two without a word. Then he spoke quietly, saying: 'That is not the way to load boxes, men. Put them in straight and carefully. Do your work like soldiers.'

"Old Hannibal, who was slouching a good deal at his work, turned with impudent bravado toward the officer and was just in the act of saying that he did not want any quartermaster's clerk to give orders to him, when he started in surprise, saluted and, much to the astonishment of the boys, lifted his hat. The look of impudence went from his face like a flash, and he said, 'All right, general, we will do it just as you want it done.' Then all the men recognized in the quiet man the commanding general of the army.

Grant followed every look and word, and he probably understood old Hannibal better than that rough old fighter understood himself. There was a twinkle in his eye as he said: 'Remember, men, these provisions are going to half starved soldiers. You ought to get as many boxes in the wagon as possible. When mules are so scarce and roads so dangerous, the more boxes in the wagon the more men you feed.' The boys got up in the wagon, straightened out every box and loaded all carefully as the general directed. This was only three or four days before the battle of Chattanooga, and while the fight was in progress old Hannibal said he knew that Grant 'wasn't limpin round Chattanoog for nothin.'"

THE COOK'S MISTAKE.

HOW A NICE POINT IN COWBOY ETIQUETTE WAS SETTLED.

Mike Tussler Exercised One of the Foreman's Prerogatives, and the Cook Objected—Only One Way to Settle the Matter, and That Way Was Employed.

We were all waiting for dinner, sitting about the camp on our boot heels, every man in his slicker, and the cook was angry. It had rained for four days. The camp was on the open plain, away from timber, and wet cow chips are mighty poor fuel; also the acrid smoke arising from them is an unequaled tear inducer. Under the wagon was a rawhide sling, in which the cook kept a store of dry brush for kindling fires. Damp chips gathered up about camp were piled on and soon made a smudge which was excellent and effective to keep away flies and mosquitoes, but which was several hundred per cent inferior to a modern range for cooking purposes.

Out of the column of smoke came the cook, with a pot of hot coffee in each hand and tears brimming in his eyes.

"This is the last hot meal you get until we move camp," he announced emphatically, setting down one coffeepot and wiping his eyes as he passed around filling our tin cups.

"Cookie is crying for the sins he's had no chance to commit," said Scotty confidentially and received a few drops of boiling coffee on the thumb which held his cup.

Scotty is not a philosopher, and he swore, but not at the cook. The cook is a philosopher and bears with equanimity whatever the fates bring him in the way of wood or weather, and he minds the guying of the men no more than he minds the odor of his slicker, which gets a fresh coat of fish oil after every heavy rain.

Yet the cook was wrathy. We could smell it in the smoke and taste it in the coffee, and—unfailing sign—he had removed his leather cartridge belt and holster. Cookie supported his trousers with an extra large belt, always full of ammunition. He had never been known to fire his gun, even at a jack rabbit, but occasionally would take it from the holster and ask the foreman to keep it for a day, saying, "I'm mad." When, therefore, it was seen that he had not only removed the pistol, but the cartridge belt also, trusting in Providence to hold up his trousers, we felt that a crisis had come.

A philosopher who is also a cook is such a valued adjunct to a cow outfit that we were all attention when, after we were served with coffee and sour dough bread, cookie said briefly, addressing himself to the foreman, "Me or Mike Tussler has got to quit."

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the foreman.

"Well, it's this way," he replied, speaking slowly. "Mike knows as well as anybody that the b'ys can swear at each other, but they can't swear at the cook. That's the rule everywhere. Nobody but the foreman can swear at me. Well, this mornin when the horse band was driv' in, the b'ys put up the ropes to a wagon wheel to hold 'em, and I took one rope, like I always do. It was wet and slippery, and when everybody else had caught a hoss Mike went in to rope his buckskin, and they all surged my way ag'in the rope and pulled it through my hands, and Mike swore at me."

"Yes," added Mike, "and the whole bunch got out, so I had to ride an old lame plug all day."

"I guess you two can settle that little matter for yourselves," said the foreman.

"That's all right," said cookie. "I'm a-goin to lick him after dinner, but one of us has go to quit."

"Oh, well," said the foreman, "you are both good men. I won't choose between you. Just flip a copper." Mike sat back, an indifferent spectator, while the cook found a coin and tossed it up. "Best two in three," said he, and announced himself the loser. He asked for his wages and received an order on the company for the amount due him.

"If you get out of a job," said the foreman gravely, shaking hands with Bill, "come back to us."

"Oh, I ain't mad at you," said the cook, "and I hate to quit. But nobody but the foreman can swear at me. It ain't right."

"Now, Mike, are you ready?" he asked, taking off his slicker.

"You better be going before you fight," suggested Mike, who was filling his pipe. "You'll get farther."

"Hold on, boys; I want to make a book on this event," interposed Scotty, and the cook put on his slicker and waited while Scotty booked bets enough to bankrupt himself. Then Mike gave me his pipe to keep alight, and sailed in.

There was some vigorous infighting; the men clinched and went down together. They rolled over a few times in the lush, wet grass, and then one of them got up. It was Mike. He resumed his pipe, mounted his horse and went out to the herd. The other men went about their several duties. The foreman stayed in camp.

Presently the falling rain revived the fallen cook. He sat up, then rose slowly, and, going to the mess box, took out his belt and pistol and put them on. He then approached the foreman and asked:

"Do you want to hire a good cook, with all the nonsense knocked out of him?"

"I do," replied the foreman.

"I'm your man," said Bill. "I made a mistake."

A stew of brains and marrow was the cook's chef d'œuvre. It was served only when he was in a buoyant mood. We had it that night for supper.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The statement is made by a Boston newspaper that no policemen are ever stationed on Boston Common except on Sundays and holidays.

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President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9236 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 500 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 3901 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Camalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 2435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 598 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Miehaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kinlry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 351 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Tweaty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 3636 Drexel av.
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
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Berries That Make Cheese.

"Pursuing my investigations, I crossed over into northern Mexico, and I was for several days the guest of an intelligent Mexican family," says a writer in The American Kitchen Magazine. "One evening they had for supper a not unpalatable dish, to which they gave the Spanish name for cheese, but which was really a cooked curd, made fresh that day. The senora told me it was a common dish in Mexico during the maturity of certain berries the juice of which was used to coagulate the milk. After supper she sent one of the boys with me to show me the plant, and I identified it as a solanum, apparently Solanum carolinense. Of course all fruit acids will curdle milk, but this fruit contains practically no acids, its taste being about the same as that of the fruit of the common potato, a closely related species of solanum.

"I therefore infer that the complete coagulation of the milk in the case referred to was effected by a substance contained in the fruit which acts as rennet does, which action chemists regard as that of a kind of ferment. In eating the curd I could detect no taste of the berries or of any kind of acid. It had much the taste of fresh curds, with which I was familiar in my boyhood days on a New England farm."

Discovery of Iron In America.

One historical authority states that the earliest discovery of iron within the present limits of the country was in the mountain range of western North Carolina, and the first effort to manufacture it into merchantable form was made in the state of Virginia in 1619. The foundry was destroyed by the Indians in 1622.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. —Emerson.

Professor Bailey of Ithaca has succeeded in grafting tomato on potato vines. In this case the tomatoes grew to full size, but the potatoes remained small.

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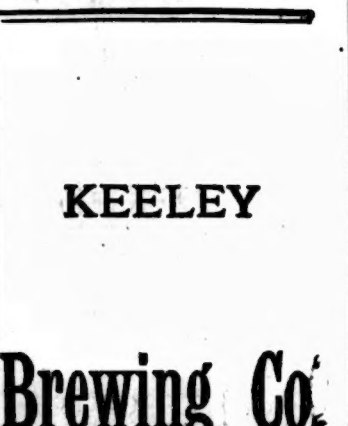

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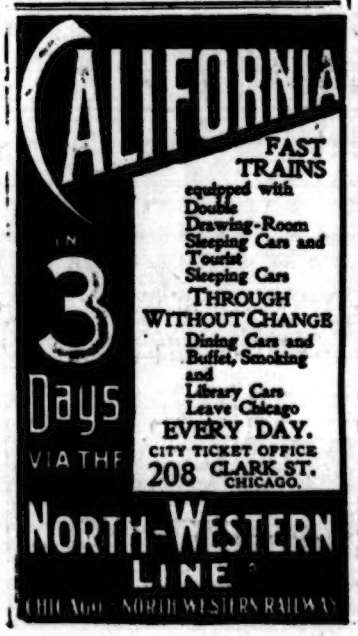

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL CONLON, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Conlon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1897, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 16, 1897.

JOSEPH D. CONLON, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

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